



No. 82.—Vol. VII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1894.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



ADIEU!

THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday. The German Emperor witnessed a sham fight in the Long Valley, Aldershot, where about 12,000 troops took part in the operations. He lunched with the officers of the Royal Artillery, inspected the gymnasium, dined with the officers of the Scots Greys, and left for Gravesend to rejoin the Hohenzollern.—Mr. Gladstone attended the opening of a three days' *fête* at Hawarden Park. It was attended by 10,000 people, who gave the ex-Premier an enthusiastic reception. In replying to a vote of thanks to Mrs. Gladstone, who had distributed the prizes, he said that much might be done, in many branches of civilisation, outside what had hitherto been considered the principal pursuits of the farmer, for bettering the position of the agricultural classes, and for enabling the community at large to profit more abundantly.—The House of Lords decided that, though an infant could enter into partnership with a trader, he could not contract debts.—The Geographical Section of the British Association, meeting at Oxford, resolved to urge upon the Government the desirability of making fresh investigations in Antarctic regions.—The New Cross Post Office was much damaged by an explosion to-night, the result, it is rumoured, of a bomb.—The German waiter, Koczula, was hanged at Newgate for the murder of a woman in Shaftesbury Avenue. He died protesting his innocence.—The Servians celebrated the eighteenth birthday of young King Alexander, who, according to the Constitution of his country, now attains his majority.—The accident to the Grand Duke Alexander is now said to have been the result of a deliberate crime, the full facts of which were withheld from the newspapers by the Russian Censor. The carriage in which the newly-married pair were driving from Peterhof to the Castle Prosha was overturned into a deep ditch, because the bridge crossing this had been sawn in two in the centre. The Grand Duchess Xenia had her right arm broken, while the Grand Duke was severely injured on the head. The coachman, whose skull was fractured, was killed by the fall.—The United States House of Representatives have passed by large majorities the Bills providing for the free import of sugar, iron ore, coal, and barbed wire, and the Senate to-day read them for the first time.

Wednesday. The Ministerial Whitebait Dinner, after being in abeyance for twelve years, was revived last night, when most of the members of the Government dined together at the Ship, Greenwich, under the presidency of Lord Tweedmouth. The Queen, on hearing of the intention to re-establish the dinner, ordered a buck to be sent as in former years.—Degrees were conferred at Oxford on a number of distinguished foreign delegates.—About 10,000 people attended the *fête* at Hawarden.—Mr. William O'Brien, speaking at Blackwater, County Armagh, stated that Lord Salisbury and those allied with him had thrown out the Evicted Tenants Bill with the deliberate intention of outraging Irish feeling and goading the Irish people into deeds of crime. Irishmen would not play that game. If Lord Rosebery were equal to the situation, nothing would tempt the Irish people one inch beyond their Constitutional rights.—Mr. Wellman, the Arctic explorer, arrived at Tromsø.—The American Senate read the Tariff Bills a second time.—Santo occupied himself to-day by reading "Don Quixote."

Thursday. Santo, the murderer of President Carnot, was guillotined at Lyons. He displayed great fear in his last moments, and the crowd applauded heartily when his head rolled off into a pail of bran.—Mr. Gladstone was more in evidence to-day than he has been since he retired. Addressing a large body of excursionists from the West of England who went to the Hawarden Flower Fête, he recalled an incident which occurred sixty-two years ago. He was staying in the town of Torquay, when he was tumbled out of bed early one morning by a sudden call to go as fast as post-chaise, mail-coach, and stage-coach could carry him to present himself to the borough of Newark, and there become a candidate for Parliament, which he entered for the first time in December of that year. He also replied to the address presented to him by the National Liberal Federation, expressing the hope that the future might be marked by the same practical tone, the same union of firmness with moderation, the same regard for individual freedom, the same desire to harmonise the old with the new, and the same sound principles of policy and administration which had given to the work of past years so much promise of stability.—Lord Edmund Talbot, brother of the Duke of Norfolk, was returned unopposed to Parliament for the Chichester division of Sussex.—The British Association parties visited Windsor, Reading, Swindon, and other places.—A new and enlarged entrance to the West India Dock at Blackwall, constructed at a cost of £200,000, was opened.—The Satanita beat both the Britannia and the Vigilant, winning the Ryde Town Cup on a fifty-mile course.—The Chinese Government is said to be negotiating a loan of ten millions sterling in Berlin.—The American Senate passed a strong Anti-Anarchist Bill, forbidding the entrance into the States of alien Anarchists.—A mistake in the punctuation of the American Tariff Bill so alters the intention of the framers as, in the opinion of the Customs officials, to admit diamonds free.

Friday. A man died at Battersea from what is supposed to have been cholera, after a very short and severe illness.—The Duke of Devonshire, in opening the new premises of the Yorkshire Penny Bank at Leeds, held forth on thrift.—Henry Winter, stage-manager of the Garrick Theatre, again appeared at Bow Street on

a charge of perjury. His wife, who gave evidence, declared that she did not know until 1886 that she had been divorced by her husband five years before. Sir John Bridge remanded the prisoner, commenting on the laxity of the proceedings which had enabled him to obtain a divorce unknown to his wife, and said that it was such a strange and mysterious case that he must increase his sureties to two in £1000.—The Carina beat both the Satanita and the Britannia for the Commodore's Cup of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club in a race round the Isle of Wight.—The French police have discovered two plots to murder M. Dupuy, Premier, for his authorship of the Anti-Anarchist law.—The members of the Incorporated Association of Municipal and Country Engineers of England, now visiting Belgium, were received by the Burgomaster of Brussels.—Japan is credited with the intention of being about to raise a loan of fifty million dollars.—The Cunard liner Campania has beaten the record across the Atlantic by nearly three hours. She passed Fire Island at 4 p.m. to-day, thus making the passage to that point in about 5 days 7 hours 50 minutes.

Saturday. A case of supposed cholera is reported from the Tyne, where the cook on a steamer from St. Petersburg has died.—A torpedo catcher, being built for the Chinese Government by Messrs. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., on the Tyne, has been seized by our Government.—Some startling evidence was given to-day in the Southend case, when Mrs. Ayriss, a sister of the murdered girl Dennis, said she had herself passed as Read's wife.—The relay ride to Edinburgh, organised by the Catford Cycling Club, was finished to-day, the 800 miles there and back being accomplished in 52 hours 27 minutes.—The International Cycling Congress closed at Antwerp.—Rear-Admiral Razvozoff, Commander of the Port of Cronstadt, has been shot dead by a workman, who immediately committed suicide.—The Austrian Emperor celebrated his sixty-fifth birthday.—The Chief Malaboch and 200 of his followers have been placed in prison at Pretoria.

Sunday. According to latest news, China is busily preparing for war. As China has directed her reinforcements to enter Corea from the north, the Japanese have fortified the passes on the Chinese frontier, and made elaborate arrangements for the defence of Seoul, the capital. In Japan 160,000 men have been mobilised, and the reserves have been drafted to Corea. Sickness is said to prevail in both armies.—Ten thousand of the Scotch miners on strike held a demonstration on Glasgow Green. Mr. Chisholm Robertson declared that the crisis would be over in three weeks, because that was the time when the masters booked their winter contracts, and if they could not get the men to descend the pits they would lose the contracts.—A marble church was consecrated in Copenhagen to-day. The foundation-stone was laid as long ago as 1749 by King Frederick V. of Denmark.—The troops sent by the Sultan of Morocco against the Kabyles have been defeated with great loss.—The Independent Congo State and the natives of the Portuguese Congo have been fighting.

Monday. Some excitement has been caused on the Tyne by the Government officials seizing another ship. It arrived from Cowes some weeks ago, and within the last few days 200 or 300 men were placed on board to repair her, torpedo tubes and grapples being among the fittings. The building company, it appears, have no commission either from China or Japan, but are executing the work to the order of a British firm. But the Government officials remain in charge, though the work is still being hastened.—Sir Edwin Landseer's house in St. John's Wood Road is to be demolished to make way for the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway's London extension.—The Italian Royal Family have left Monza.

RONDEAU OF ADIEU.

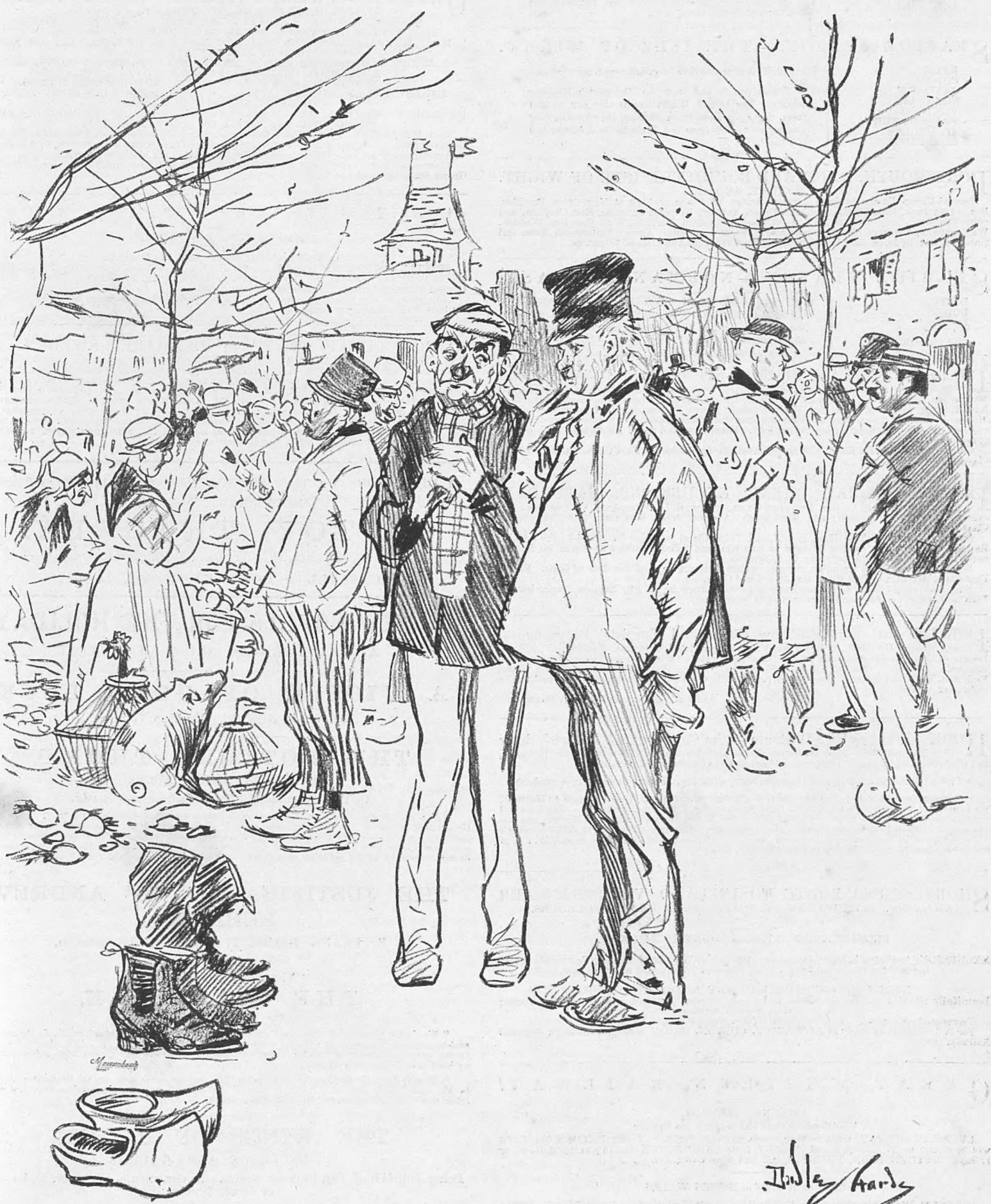
Adieu, Madame! The moon of May
Wanes now above the orchard grey;
The white May-blossoms fall like snow,
As Love foretold a month ago—
Or was it only yesterday?

All pleasant things must pass away;
You would not, surely, have me stay?
I own I shun the inference! No!
Adieu, Madame!

Come, dry your eyes, for not this way
Should end your pretty pastoral play.
You have no heart—you told me so—
And I adore you, as you know;
Smile, while I break my heart and say
Adieu, Madame!

The sketch of the United States cruiser New York, reproduced in our issue of July 25, placed in Broadway, New York, should have been ascribed to *Frank Leslie's Weekly*.

The first of the special Monday trips of the Brighton Railway Company takes place next Monday. For the Dieppe Races, on Friday, Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday, special cheap excursions will be run. A special cheap fourteen-day excursion from London to Paris by the Dieppe-Rouen route is announced for Saturday week.



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Special Cheap Excursion from London Bridge at 7 a.m., calling at New Cross, Brockley, Honor Oak Park, Forest Hill, Sydenham, Penge, Anerley, Norwood Junction, East Croydon, and South Croydon; from Victoria 7.5 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, West Croydon, Waddon, Wallington, and Sutton. Returning same day, as per handbills. Fares: Portsmouth Town and Southsea, 4s.; Ryde, 5s. 6d.; including Steamboat Trip round the Isle of Wight, 6s.

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Tickets will be issued on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, Aug. 23 to 29, inclusive, from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington, Clapham Junction, East Croydon, Brighton, Tunbridge Wells, Uckfield, Lewes, Eastbourne, St. Leonards, Hastings, Worthing, Littlehampton, Bognor, Chichester, and Portsmouth, available to return any day up to and including the following Friday, as per bills. Fares there and back: First Class, 24s.; Second Class, 19s.

CHEAP RETURN TICKETS also issued, available for a month: First Class, 37s. 3d.; Second Class, 26s. 3d.

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SEPT. 1. Leaving London Bridge at 9 a.m., calling at East Croydon; Victoria at 9 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and Kensington (Addison Road), 8.40 a.m. (First and Second Class only.)

Special Excursion Tickets (First, Second, and Third Class) will also be issued by the regular Express Night Service, leaving Victoria at 8.50 p.m. and London Bridge at 9 p.m. on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, Aug. 31 to Sept. 3.

Returning from Paris 9 p.m. on any day within fourteen days of the date of issue. Fares: First Class, 30s. 3d.; Second Class, 30s. 3d.; Third Class, 26s.

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For full particulars see Time Books and Tourists' Programmes, and Special Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, Kensington (Addison Road), or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained: West-End General Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.

(By order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

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3, 10, or 17 Days in NORTH WALES.

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EVERY SATURDAY, until Sept. 29, CHEAP EXCURSION Trains will leave PADDINGTON STATION at 8.10 a.m. for SHREWSBURY, Oswestry, Borth, ABERYSTWYTH, Llangollen, Corwen, Bala, Blaenau Festiniog, DOLGELLY, BARMOUTH, Harlech, Criccieth, RHYL, LLANDUDNO, Conway, Bettws-y-Coed, Bangor, CARNARVON, Llanberis (for Snowdon), &c., returning on the following Monday, Monday week, or Monday fortnight.

Tickets, Pamphlets, and Lists of Farmhouse and Country Lodgings in Dorset, Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall can be obtained at the Company's Stations and at the usual Receiving Offices.

HY. LAMBERT, General Manager.

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JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

XXV.—SIR GEORGE ARMSTRONG AND THE "GLOBE."

"I am doubtful," said Sir George Carlyon Hughes Armstrong, "whether I have anything to say that will interest you."

"I am still more doubtful whether you have anything to say that



Photo by Barraud, Oxford Street, W.
SIR G. C. ARMSTRONG.

will not," I answered. So modesty and politeness being satisfied, we began to talk about the paper.

"You are said to be the oldest evening paper?" I remarked.

"But quite up-to-date for all that. Come and look at our machinery." I went and looked.

"This is the composing-room," said Sir George. "No, not for the nerves. Yes, they're Linotypes. There's a quick operator. Oh, come this way and watch." The man seemed playing on a typewriter, and as he played there came down into a vertical slot before his eyes a set of moulds, one for each letter. When a line was complete a bell rang, and the moulds ran along, adjusted to the 2000th of an inch, to a pot of molten metal automatically kept always at the same temperature. A cast was taken instantaneously in metal. Then a long metal arm reached over, grabbed the moulds, lifted them to a kind of trough, and set them free, and they ran down an inclined plane into a series of reservoirs, one for each letter. The man did nothing but play on the keys, and at the other end of the machine was delivered line after line of glistening new type. I was astounded by the beauty of the machine.

"Rapidity?" said Sir George, turning round. "Here, Mr. Sketch, this is my son the Lieutenant, he'll tell you."

"One man here," observed the ex-naval officer, "has set up twelve columns of the *People* in a day. Working on the old system, it would take five men by hand. Yes; we use a four-horse power dynamo to work all these machines until we get up steam for the day. The dynamo is driven from the main. One great advantage," he said, "of the 'Linos' is the rapidity of setting up late news."

He then showed me how the result of a horse race was set up with almost incredible quickness.

"Within thirty seconds," remarked Sir George, "of the time when a message comes announcing the result we can have copies of the paper on sale in the streets." Thirty seconds!

"You have run time so close," I observed, "that soon further rapidity will be impossible, because there is no margin left to work upon."

"Certainly, as regards race news and like matter, that is nearly the case now, but as regards other matter there is still time to be gained.

Some day we shall have a mode of connecting telegraph wires with the 'Linos,' so that as messages are wired to us they will be set up in type automatically. Moreover, we shall have arrangements by which our staff upstairs will write on typewriters connected with the 'Lino.' Our record up to date was a report of Selous' speech. At eleven o'clock it was given to five men, and at twelve the forme went down with two and a-half columns set up and revised."

"And the printing?"

"When I first came here, about twenty-four years ago," answered the Baronet, "we had one four-feeder Marinoni machine, and were very proud of it; it would do from seven to eight thousand an hour. Then we got a six-feeder. After that came in the rotary machines. The machines over there are double machines, and very good in their way, but we are getting rid of them. Very soon we shall have three new machines, made by the Victoria Machine Company, of Liverpool. They will be of a type surpassing anything yet made in rotary printing machinery. Each will be capable of printing an 8, 10, 12, 14, or 16-page paper, and all the pages will be cut and pasted in, and the complete papers will be turned out at the rate of 40,000 an hour per machine for the 8-page papers. 120,000 an hour for three machines is hardly slow work, is it? You see, speed in printing is vital to papers doing several editions. If you cannot get out all your new edition in a few minutes, the later copies will be out of date ere they are born."

"I presume," said I, unkindly, "that it is the sporting question which necessitates the speed?"

"We have been accused," he answered, "of giving more space to sport than any other general paper. However, we can hardly hold our own against the halfpenny papers on this ground. The people who want to know results would sooner give a half than a whole penny, as they throw away the paper." Then he gave a laugh, and said, "We're all being dished now by the newsboys. They club together and get a quire among a dozen, then they rush along the streets and simply show the paper for a penny or ha'penny to people who want to know the result. How can we fight against that?"

"Everything looks beautifully new and neat," I observed when we got upstairs.

"Of course, of course! there was the fire. On Christmas Day, '92, I was in Ceylon when the message came saying we were burnt out; it spoiled my dinner, I can tell you. But that fire shows what men can do. Mr. Madge was on the spot, and my son and Mr. Locker, and they and the others worked like Trojans. That very day the *Globe* came out, and only two hours late. Of course, it had a splendid account of the fire. No; there was no mention of the phoenix in the leader. We had



MR. W. A. LOCKER.

Photo by Tassnyette, Dublin.

duplicate plant at the *People* office. The *Guardian* set up some type for us, and all our neighbours helped. Yes; we appeared at 2.30, and, except for some little variations in type, the paper looked as if nothing had happened. They may be smart in America, but won't beat that. All our machinery, plant, and type were destroyed."

"You were not brought up as a journalist, I believe?"

"Not at all. I was a soldier, and son of a soldier. I went to the East in '55, and was an ensign in the 59th Bengal Native Infantry when the Mutiny broke out. In the fight at Mooradnuggur—I was then in the Irregular Cavalry—I was severely wounded in three places, and would have been killed but for Sowar Mahomed Afzul Khan. However, let me cut all that short. I came home invalided, and the doctors would not let me go back to India. I became orderly officer at the old training college at Addiscombe, and remained there two years, when it was

abolished, and I left the Army with a wound pension. Then I went in for politics and got married. A few years later the syndicate that owned the *Globe* asked me to become editor."

"It was not quite a successful paper then, was it? I know something of its history—how it was founded, in 1802, by London publishers to spite the *Post and Courier*, and was in conjunction with a morning paper, called the *British Press*—how it played a sort of Moses'-rod part to the *Traveller* and other papers, yet for many years was hardly a success."

"Well, I won't grumble about my

present state—'my' is the word I use, since I played the Moses'-rod to the syndicate. Then, you know, I am half owner of the *People*, which was founded by a similar syndicate about fourteen years ago."

"And with a similar fate, I fancy."

He smiled.

"But the *People* is another story. Who help you on the *Globe*?"

"Well, Mr. W. A. Locker is the real editor, though I do much of the editorial work. I have to winter out of England, so I must give him his due. He was educated at Charterhouse—you were, too? Then he was at Merton. He began journalistic work with his father on the *Graphic*. His first regular berth, however, was on the *Globe*, and here he has been all his working life, save two years."

"Are there many Old Carthusians on the firm?" I asked Mr. Locker.

"I hardly know," he answered. By-the-by, at Charterhouse, in the records of the subsequent career of the Old Carthusians, the only note against Thackeray is, "Believed to be sub-editor of the *Globe*"—it isn't even accurate.

"On our staff," said Sir George, "till lately, as a leader-writer, was Mr. R. E. Francillon, well known as a novelist. We have Mr. W. Low, a brother of Mr. Sidney J. Low, editor of the *St. James's Gazette*. Yes, the editor is a charming man. We have Captain Carlisle, Mr. Joynes, Mr. M. H. Temple, Mr. C. L. Graves, and Mr. Lucas—all of them do leaders and notes. Mr. Temple is responsible for the 'Men and Matters,' and Mr. Graves for 'By-the-Way.'"

"Your dramatic critic, I know, is Mr. Joseph Knight, whom I have the pleasure of calling a friend as well as fellow-worker, one of the most learned and amiable of our body. Mr. Davenport Adams, I think, does your weekly 'Plays and Players,' and is 'second string' for dramatic notices."

"Mr. Henry Hersee was our musical critic, but now it is Mr. Squire, and Mr. Dennis Deane acts as art critic. Mr. Jewell is the sporting editor, and Mr. Lucas the writer of 'Literary Gossip.'"

"Who does the 'Naval Notes,' that have attracted so much attention?"

"That I should prefer not to say, for obvious reasons, but my son, Mr. George Elliot Armstrong, assists. He was until recently in the Royal Navy, but has married and left the service. He does other work, too, on the paper—notes, articles, &c.—and he has been very successful in writing for the magazines. Moreover, his Navy training makes him an excellent manager of the many men we employ. Like myself, he has learnt the business thoroughly. I flatter myself there is no department that I do not thoroughly understand. Even about paper and printing ink I am almost an expert. Do I write? Oh! yes, on every subject but politics. However, I have too much other work to do to use my pen often. No; he's not my only child. I have a daughter married, a son reading for the Bar, and one in the 19th Hussars. My age? That's as indelicate as to ask the circulation of a newspaper. Well, I'm exactly eleven months older than the reign of her Majesty. I'll tell you our circulation, too—that of the *People* is now over half a million a week. However, you had better talk to Mr. Madge about the *People*, for he is manager of it as well as of the *Globe*."

Off I went to Mr. Madge, who is the managing proprietor of the penny weekly Conservative paper, which he owns in partnership with Sir George.

"I remember, Mr. Sketch," he said, "you gave evidence for us in that ridiculous 'Maelstrom' libel action. Talk about the *People*? Yes,

for hours, if you like. You see, it has been under my management since its birth. Yes, it had a troublesome teething time, but is now a thriving child. What do you say to more than half a million every week?"

"I should like the pennies. What was your start in journalism?"

"I joined the *Western Morning News*, and was a 'general utility' man or boy; then I came to the *Globe* in 1866, when it changed from being Whig to Tory. Yes, I'm an ardent politician. Look at my political notebook. Here you have, from '66, a record and analysis of every House of Commons and every important vote in the House down to the present. Yes, I keep it myself. I'm a commercial man primarily, no doubt, but a keen, all-round journalist too. I became publisher of the *Globe* when I was only twenty-two years old. They used to have no contents-bills in those days—I changed that, at first writing them myself. It was also through me that the system of sending papers to Smith's place in the Strand for distribution was changed and we took to sending direct ourselves to the stations. I haven't given up the *Globe* for the *People*; I am still its manager."

"Wasn't Dr. Sebastian Evans your first *People* editor? A charming man, a connection of mine."

"Yes, yes, a very able man, too. Now Captain Carlisle, who contributes also to the *Globe*, is our editor. We began life in 1881. I started the idea of running a serial in a London weekly, and began with Wilkie Collins's 'I Say No.' Of course, everyone followed suit when it proved trumps. You should see our machine-room, the biggest in London. There are ten Victory presses. No, you're wrong, it wasn't the *Globe* that killed the Prince of Wales: it was Lord Justice Bovill who had the pleasure of seeing his death announced by us. Yes, our big sensation was the very unauthorised publication of the Salisbury-Schouvaloff memorandum, which we got through the late Charles Marvin. A sub-editor gave away the secret at the Bow Street prosecution for disclosing State secrets. We did a big thing, too, with the *People* in '88 over a Whitechapel murder. When the news came in on Sunday morning, I stopped the machines, rushed off down myself, investigated the matter, raced back, did a long account of a double 'Jack the Ripper' murder, re-set up the paper, and we sold nearly half a million extra of that issue."

"Who are on your staff, Mr. Madge? I know that Mr. Richard Lee is the dramatic critic."

"Mr. Davenport Adams does 'The Actor,' Mr. Crumplen is 'Old Izaak,' Mr. Henry Hersee is our musical critic. Yes; I'm married, and I've two sons now working on the paper. Oh, yes; I put them through the mill; make them study every department of the paper. By-the-by, I want you to see the first contents-bill of the *People*. Did you ever see such a splendid set of announcements? Among the plums for Sunday readers you will find—

Sunday, Oct. 16, 1891.

Arrest of Mr. Parnell—Taken Whilst in Bed—His Demeanour—Meeting of the League.

Mr. Dillon Denouncing the Government. Flight to Paris of the Land Leaguers.

Mr. Gladstone on the Arrest—Important Speech.

More Fighting in Afghanistan—Flight of Ayoo Khan into Persia.

Defeat of the French in Tunis. Trial of Guiteau.

The Transvaal—Mr. Gladstone's Determination."

"Does the *People* adopt the *Globe*'s method of setting up type?" I asked.

"No, we've not yet got 'Linos' for the *People*, but we have contracted for some, and hope to have four in the offices to start

with within a month. Yes, that's my idea, too: now that type-setting has really become typewriting, young ladies will invade the composing-rooms—the linotype-writing stops are not heavy to press. By-the-by, there's one curious fact. You seem surprised at the speed we get by the use of labour-saving machinery, yet I may tell you that we find that for our Parliamentary reports messengers on horseback are quicker for the *Globe* than the telegraph."

I found that Mr. Madge was prepared to give me copy by the mile; but one has to consider space even on a paper which, like *The Sketch*, approaches

the Olympia Constantinople "Hall of a Thousand Columns"; so I said "Good-bye" to him, and again to Sir George. I cannot put down my garrulous pen without adding that in no newspaper office have I met with greater courtesy, amiability, and frank goodfellowship than at the *Globe* and the *People*.

MONOCLE.



Photo by Heath and Bullingham, Plymouth.



Photo by A. Fong, Hong-Kong.

MR. ARMSTRONG.

A CHAT WITH MR. H. W. WILLIAMS.

It is as well to know something, if possible, of the personal history and career of the subject of your interview beforehand, as it tends to make you feel more at home at the *rencontre*, while the interviewee is saved the awkward situation of having to give an autobiography. Singularly enough, this task is especially repugnant to those who, like Mr. H. W. Williams, have the best right to be egotistical, for few men in the City of London



Photo by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond.
MR. WILLIAMS.

have raised themselves by their own exertions, industry, and business acumen from a comparatively humble official position to one of eminence than has the manager of the London and India Docks Joint Committee. To the memory of his father, who was a Cornishman, there clings some elements of romance, for, when a sailor lad, he was captured off Beachy Head in 1804, and held a prisoner of war by the French for ten years, and was sentenced to six years in irons as a punishment for his repeated attempts at escape: in confirmation of these facts, Mr. Williams showed me the original "pardon," signed by the great Napoleon. But Mr. Williams himself has only had to do with the matter-of-fact prose of two-score years spent in the upward climb from the post of booking-clerk in the London and South-Western Railway Company's service to the responsible one of City Superintendent in the same employ, and thence, in 1879, to the appointment of assistant general manager of the London and St. Katharine's Docks, and when that company was amalgamated with the East and West India Docks Company, under the Working Union in the year 1888, he accepted the post of joint-manager, and one year later received his present position as sole manager.

Hearty as was his greeting of me when I called, it was tempered, I fancied, by a certain shyness induced by the duties of my office.

"Well, Mr. Williams, I have called, as I hear you are about to open the new entrance to the West India Dock shortly, and I should like to know if you would give me some information respecting it. I understand you pressed upon the directors the necessity of constructing a new entrance from the river into the Blackwall Basin, which gives access to the West India Import Dock and the West India Export Dock?"

"Yes; that is so. And I suggested the widening of the cuts as well, for my experience showed me that immense advantages would accrue if we did so. The fact was that we were in the position of a man who had a fine dining-room, but hadn't a door big enough to permit the dining-table to be brought in. Now we shall have a lock which is 480 ft. long, 60 ft. wide, and 30 ft. deep, as against the former one, which was 191 ft., 45 ft., and 23 ft. 3 in. respectively; while the two cuts have also been widened to 60 ft."

"And at what cost, Mr. Williams?"

"At about £200,000. I won't enter into particulars, because they may be too technical for your columns; but I may remark that the whole of both walls were removed from each cut and re-erected on new lines, which necessitated the lengthening of the railway bridges. The effective depth is to give entrance throughout and to the Import Dock to vessels drawing 24 to 25 ft. of water, which can be increased to 27 ft. by four great pumps, each delivering 5000 cubic feet per minute. Then, a great deal of dredging work had to be done. Incidentally, I may mention that the ordinary buoys in the dock have been replaced by screw moorings of

the most approved type. Another necessary work in view of the anticipated increase of business has been the extension of the North Quay for about half a mile. This is furnished with hydraulic moveable cranes. On Sept. 1 we shall be prepared to receive vessels, but the private inaugural opening took place on Thursday."

"I think it would be interesting if you would give me some general statistics of the dimensions of the docks and their storage capacities."

"Yes; I will give you a little book containing some interesting particulars of the committee's property and business."

From this book I gather the following: The Cutler Street warehouses cover four acres, and can store close on 20,000 tons of goods, which comprise tea, silk, carpets, &c., and their annual value passing them may be estimated at about £12,000,000. Then there are the Crutched Friars, the Commercial Road Dépôt, the East Smithfield Railway Dépôt, St. Katharine's Dock, of twenty-three acres (thirteen of which are land), and the London Dock, covering an area of 100 acres (forty being water) and nearly a mile in length. These two docks can store 170,000 to 260,000 tons of merchandise, and in the vaults there is room for 121,000 pipes of wine.

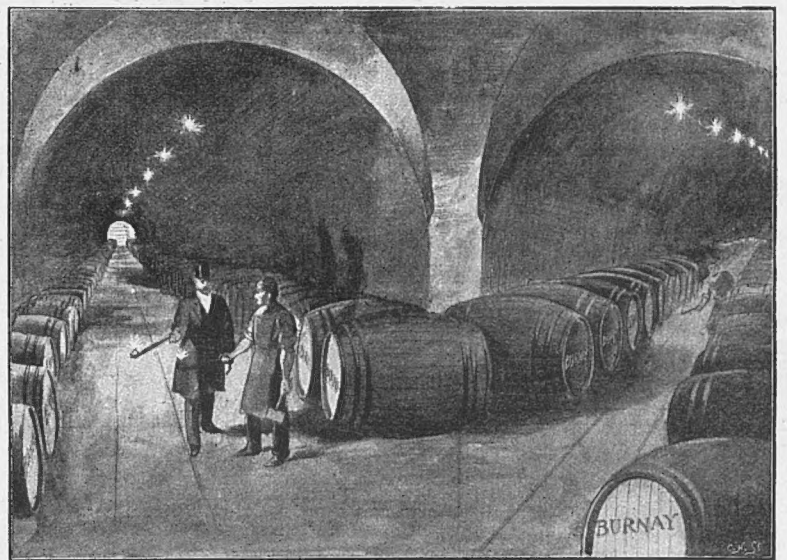
It is here that the famous Burnay port is stored. It may be remembered that this large importation of port wine, the largest ever known in this country, was brought about by the great fall in the exchange which was ruling between Portugal and England in 1892, and which enabled Messrs. Burnay and Co. to offer their purchases to the English wine merchants at an even lower price than that which they themselves had paid for the wines. Moreover, the proceeds were to be invested in silver to replenish the currency of Portugal, and thus Messrs. Burnay and Co. were in a position to realise two profits on the same transaction. The wines were carefully selected by Messrs. Southard and Co., wine brokers, on behalf of Messrs. Burnay and Co., from the very best stocks that were in Oporto, including those of Messrs. Sandeman, Croft, Taylor Fladgate, Ferreira, Miguel Guedes, and, in fact, from all the best known cellars in Oporto. They were offered to the public on this side by public sale, perfectly pure as delivered to Messrs. Burnay by the sellers, with the result that such a concourse of buyers from the whole of the United Kingdom, and even from abroad, had never been seen before in the wine market.

"The wood warehouses alone," Mr. Williams reminded me, "occupy a floor area of close on 1,500,000 square feet. Afterwards we come to the West India Dock, occupying 164 acres. Here you will find vats holding 25,000 gallons for mixing and blending, and wood wharves for teak logs and furniture wood. At the South West India Dock are refrigerating chambers capable of holding 14,000 carcasses of mutton. The quay berth capacity of the Royal Victoria Dock is for twenty-seven vessels of the largest class, while the Royal Albert Dock, opened in 1880, covers 432 acres, accommodates steamers of the greatest amount of tonnage, and thirty-three vessels can be moored alongside. Lastly, I will mention the Tilbury Dock, covering 588 acres. Vessels can enter this dock at any state of the tide."

"At how many millions would you put the value of the docks?"

"Somewhere about £17,000,000, possibly."

"And when I consider that you are the manager of this vast working company I must sincerely thank you for giving me so much of your time. Your duties must be frightfully onerous and responsible?"



THE BURNAY PORT VAULTS.

"Oh, there's no doubt about that, and they would be ten times more so but that the directorate assist me by giving any suggestion of mine their most earnest attention, while their kindly encouragement makes one's work almost a pleasure."

"I suppose you sometimes have royal visitors to the docks?"

"Oh, yes. I have several times accompanied the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal Family to the docks, and I have in my visitors' autograph book the signatures of their Royal Highnesses, as well as of the King and Queen and Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duchess of Albany, and others, of which I am proud."

T.

MISS PALOTTA

Whether or not you hold with Pope, writing in reverent mood—

All Nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see,

the fact remains that Miss Palotta entered on her dramatic career under the influence of a few chance words dropped in an omnibus relative to a trial of voices to be held that morning on the stage of the Criterion, in preparation of "La Fille de Madame Angot," about ten months ago. She went; she was heard; she was engaged. But, after all, it was not so



MISS GRACE PALOTTA. Photo by Ellis, Baker Street, N.W.

very wonderful, for her mezzo-soprano voice, carefully trained by a pupil of Madame Marchesi, and further cultivated by Professor Randegger at the Royal Academy of Music, would naturally appeal to the critical ear of the musical conductor then in office, and her engagement on that occasion, as well as her subsequent short career, so far, proves that merit is as potent as patronage in bringing artists to the front, in spite of all cynical commentators to the contrary.

Miss Palotta is a foreigner, but she is an Austrian, and when it is added that she hails from Vienna one needs scarcely to be told that she is of prepossessing appearance. She has just a little accent, a fact which is not without its advantages. It was consonant with her appearance in "La Fille de Madame Angot," it befriended her in her personation of Mina in "A Gaiety Girl," and assisted her in filling not only Miss Juliet Nesville's place on many occasions most satisfactorily, but she was able to represent the character in the provinces—to wit, at Dublin, Cork, Cardiff, &c.—evidently so much to the satisfaction of the audiences as to be "the success of the evening," according to the newspapers. Now Miss Palotta is about to transport her talents to America with a touring company of "A Gaiety Girl." Like all actresses of true grit, Miss Palotta has her ambitions—whether they are follies the future alone can reveal. However, she has a distinct leaning towards legitimate drama, and to that end she desires to get rid of all elocutionary trace of her foreign birth. And to further that object she rehearsed under the late Mr. Millard, professor of elocution, and so far succeeded in the parts she studied as to almost deceive Professor Mackenzie into the belief that she was of English nationality. To her vocal and intellectual gifts may be added a graceful carriage, a natural attraction which has been perfected by her as the outcome of education at a school near Leipzig, where physical deportment was ranked as an essential in youthful training, while its obvious benefit has been enhanced by a course of fencing very recently on the stage of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, whereon at the present moment, in the constant changes incident to dramatic life, Miss Palotta appears as one of the Gaiety Girls.

THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

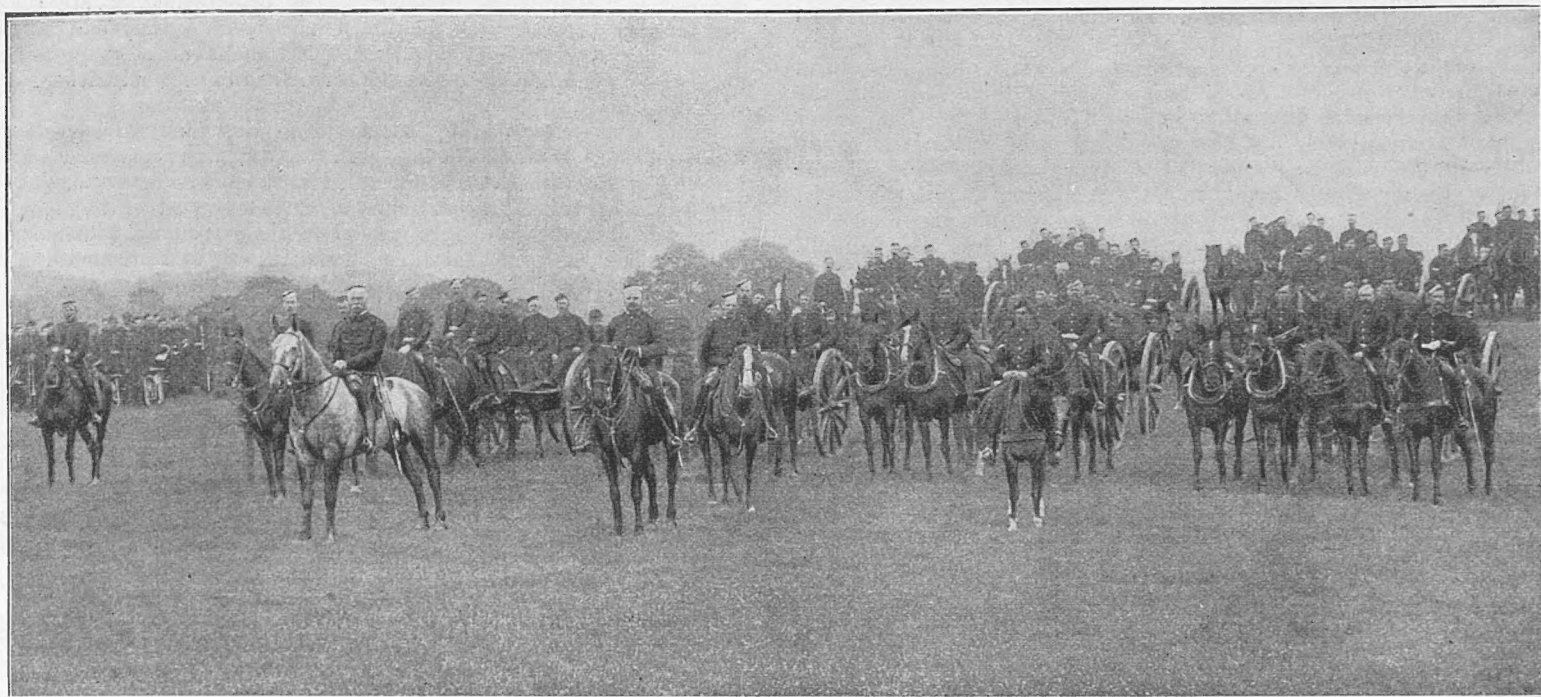
"HOT WATER," AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.

When Chauncery Pattleton took unto himself a charming and pretty young wife, his valet, Mr. Moddle, was much disconcerted, for that gentleman held strong views as to the duties of young bachelors towards their body-servants. Without pretending that Mr. Pattleton was in any sense a hero to his valet, Mr. Moddle was decidedly of the opinion that his master's habits and ways of life suited his own most comfortably, and that, consequently, any radical alteration of those habits, such as the intrusion of a wife into the *ménage* must inevitably produce, was intolerable and not to be borne. Accordingly, he set himself to compass a separation between the young couple, in order to bring back the comfortable *status quo ante*, and he used every means he could think of to promote quarrels between them. He would begin quite early in the day to set the nerves of both ajar by paying some Italian street-musicians to jangle popular tunes close to the house, so that each should think that the one had engaged the nuisance for the special irritation of the other. Of course, a wrangle over this would lead to a turbulent or sulky breakfast, and then the least difference of opinion would become aggravated into a bitter quarrel, to the joy of the artful Moddle.

It is after one of these breakfast squabbles that Pattleton informs his wife that a certain comic opera *prima donna*, Madame Marietta, is a would-be tenant for a house in Haverstock Hill which had formed part of Mrs. Pattleton's marriage portion, and which they are both anxious to let. Because her husband advocates the acceptance of this tenant, Mrs. Pattleton obstinately refuses to entertain the offer. Then they severally call in their lawyers—or, rather, their barrister friends—to consult them as to obtaining legal relief, and these happen to call together, when, after hearing the trivial causes of discord on either side, each counsel gives his client the same advice—namely, to maintain a courteous and conciliatory attitude in the face of the other's outbursts of temper. At this crisis there comes on the scene a certain Sir Philander Rose, an elderly and amiable noodle, who, unknown to his young wife, is the faithful fetch-and-carry slave of the attractive *prima donna*, for whom he is desirous of renting the house in Haverstock Hill. It is with regard to this business that he calls on the Pattletons, and his visit is by no means a placid one. Mr. and Mrs. Pattleton are each desirous of securing him as a witness against the other's conduct, and from the most extravagant amiability towards each other they come to violent and abusive language, and between the two poor Sir Philander finds himself in a very uncomfortable position—so uncomfortable, in fact, that he makes his escape as speedily as possible, without transacting his business, and thinks to escape the unpleasant consequences of being a witness in this case of matrimonial quarrelling, with its inevitable exposure for himself, by giving a different false name and address to each of the excitable couple. This ruse, however, does not serve, for Mr. and Mrs. Pattleton, having discovered the deception he has played upon them, go severally to the theatre where Madame Marietta is rehearsing to learn the true name and address of their unwilling witness. Not only is the meek Sir Philander persistently pursued by the infuriated Pattletons, who individually offer him the house in Haverstock Hill at reduced rates on condition that he goes to their respective lawyers, but, worst of all, the accident of a lost jewel having brought Lady Rose to the stage-door of the theatre, that lady happens to discover her husband's ambiguous, though really innocent, relations with the *prima donna*. To avoid meeting their wives, both Pattleton and Sir Philander have unceremoniously rushed on to the stage, and, being forcibly ejected with tattered clothes, find that angry wives are not to be evaded, and the next step is to the Divorce Court, where Mrs. Pattleton is suing for a separation, much to the joy of Mr. Moddle, the valet. The Judge is in such a fever of anxiety as to the result of an interesting domestic event, the question being whether his eight daughters are to have a brother or another sister, that he conducts the business of the court on somewhat unconventional lines. In the end it accidentally transpires that it was Moddle who employed the itinerant musicians to set his master and mistress by the ears. This discovery at once clears the matrimonial air, and the Pattletons, forgetting their initial quarrel about a hot-water bottle, fall into each other's arms in open court, while a happy reconciliation is also effected between the Philander Roses.

This is the story of "Hot Water," the noisy and lively farce adapted, I believe, by the late H. B. Farnie, from "La Boule" of MM. Meilhac and Halévy, and revived by Mr. Wyndham at the Criterion last Wednesday night, after a lapse of eighteen years. There is some rather old-fashioned, boisterous, farcical fun about the piece, though the best modern developments of character farce appeal with greater force of humour. "Hot Water" was admirably played. I doubt if even Mr. Wyndham himself could have expressed the perplexities and tempers of the peppery Mr. Pattleton more naturally and humorously than Mr. Charles Hawtrey, whose first interview with his counsel and whose conduct in court showed him once more to be a comedian of the highest excellence. Mr. Edward Righton was very droll in his original character of Sir Philander Rose; Mr. George Giddens and Mr. J. G. Taylor cleverly made distinct personalities of the two lawyers. Mr. Blakeley was very funny as the Judge, and Mr. Sydney Valentine made the valet Moddle quite a humorous person. Pretty Miss Edith Chester was an engagingly excitable Mrs. Pattleton; Miss Miriam Clements was an imperious and beautiful creature as Madame Marietta. Miss Alice de Winton acted with distinction as Lady Rose, and Miss Emily Vining showed a homely, humorous Mrs. Pitcher, the stage-door keeper—M. C. S.

OUR GALLANT GUNNERS



BATTERIES OF POSITION, 1ST MONMOUTH VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY.

Surg.-Lieut.-Col. Coats. Surg.-Capt. Russell. Capt. Horncastle. Surg.-Lieut. Lansdown. Surg.-Capt. Key.



Quartermaster O'Neill.

Major Grenville Grey (Brigade Major).

Colonel Howard (Commandant).

Captain Wrean (Adjutant).

Captain Weston (Commissariat).

MILITARY STAFF OF THE NATIONAL ARTILLERY ASSOCIATION, SHOEBOURNE, 1894.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. EDWARD WRIGHT, FOREST GATE.

SMALL TALK.

Every fine morning during the Queen's present residence at Osborne her Majesty has gone for a long drive in her donkey-chaise, accompanied by the children of Princess Beatrice, who ride in a little basket-carriage, drawn by a cream-coloured pony. As a rule, the Queen confines her morning excursions to the Osborne grounds, which afford a beautiful private drive of over six miles, but on two or three occasions the party have proceeded as far as the village of Whippingham. The earlier portion of each morning has been spent in a tent on the lawn, going through the voluminous correspondence brought down daily by the Home Service messengers from London. While at Balmoral the Queen always wishes to get as much of a holiday as possible, and Sir Henry Ponsonby has strict orders to so arrange matters that all affairs of importance shall be duly settled during the residence of the Court at Osborne. Thus, only pressing questions, which are constantly arising, claim her Majesty's attention while in Scotland.

The Braemar Gathering, which is the great social function of the Deeside season, is to take place in the grounds of Old Mar Castle, which have been kindly lent for the occasion by the Duke of Fife. The gathering will be attended by the Queen and Court from Balmoral, and her Majesty is to be entertained at tea by the Duke and Duchess of Fife.

Orders were sent to Balmoral that only a sufficient quantity of grouse to supply the requirements of the royal household at Osborne were to be shot on the 13th. The number of birds required was obtained by the royal keepers shortly after daybreak, in order that the boxes might be forwarded to Osborne by the morning mail.

The departure of the German Emperor must have been a relief to his royal relatives, for his visits cause an immense amount of trouble to everybody concerned, as he insists upon the most punctilious etiquette being observed, and the slightest breach, either by relatives or officials, is instantly called to account. Prince Christian's services are always called into requisition when the Emperor comes over to this country, as he is a great favourite with his Majesty, and can always make him listen to reason. The Emperor William's yacht, the Hohenzollern, excited great admiration among those fortunate enough to have the opportunity of examining her during his Majesty's visit to Cowes. She is over 4000 tons, and might be taken for an Atlantic liner. She is built of steel, is propelled by twin-screws, having a double set of engines, and can do twenty knots an hour when required. The whole of the residential portion of the yacht is a marvel of comfort and elegance. The Emperor's cabins are on the middle deck, and consist of a saloon, a smoking-room, bed-room, dressing-room, and bath-room, all of them lighted by electricity and furnished with telephones. The dining-room, which is also on the middle deck, is upholstered in grey and white, and can be made to any size that is desired by a clever arrangement of sliding panels. The accommodation also includes a family saloon, a sumptuous sleeping cabin and boudoir for the Empress, a council chamber, and a work-room for the Emperor. There are, in addition, numerous saloons and numberless cabins and bath-rooms for royal guests and members of the suite. The upper deck is covered with an awning, and in fine weather the Emperor breakfasts and lunches there, and receives guests for afternoon tea.

The German Emperor, by virtue of the inquiring and comprehensive faculty with which he is so well endowed, had felt and expressed a wish to visit Hibernian shores this month on the forthcoming occasion at Ball's Bridge, and I hear from the best sources that the Kaiser's possible visit was hoped for—looked forward to as the crowning occasion of a horse show which promises to be the biggest thing ever held in Dublin. A royal shoulder has been coldly turned on the project, however, to which the Emperor has, perforce, deferred, and Paddy must needs go still unsmiled on by royal patronage. It seems a pity, though, for Wilhelm II. would have been received with a "*Cead mille failthe*," beyond doubt. They love a thoroughgoing sportsman and soldier in Ireland, and readily recognise the Emperor as both. Leopardstown Races, on Saturday, will start the ball of the biggest week in the Dublin year, open house being the universal law during this equine saturnalia, and the typical Hibernian hospitality extended to all in the most approved and pressing manner. By-the-way, I should note that before leaving Aldershot the Kaiser personally presented Mr. G. T. White, Chief Traffic Superintendent of the London and South-Western Railway, with a magnificent gold ring, set with emeralds and diamonds.

While the Court is in the Isle of Wight, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg occupy the Pavilion at Osborne, which was redecorated and refurnished for them by the Queen on their marriage. Princess Beatrice has practically the entire management of all the internal arrangements of the various royal residences, and, provided always that she does not interfere with the Indian Munshi, can do just as she pleases.

Mr. Clarke failed to gain admission to the Royal Yacht Squadron, and, indeed, the blackballing at that exclusive establishment was this year, if possible, more virulent than ever. Mr. Clarke's rejection was the more extraordinary as he was proposed, and strongly supported, by Admiral the Hon. Victor Montagu, who is a *persona grata* with the Prince of Wales, and a brother of the late Colonel Oliver Montagu, who

was for so many years the trusted confidant of the Princess of Wales, so that any friends of his are generally supposed to be "safe." The gallant Admiral, it is said, was in this case warned that his man would be "pilled;" but, sailor like, he stuck to his guns and absolutely declined to withdraw his candidate. The blackballing of Mr. Clarke will be greatly regretted in yachting circles, as he is deservedly popular with all but a certain small clique who have the credit of trying to keep the Yacht Squadron a close borough for their own especial friends.

Many who were yachting in the Solent this time three years ago will remember Admiral Gervais, who was then in command of the French squadron that at that time paid perfidious Albion a short visit. The Admiral has just retired from the important post of Chief of the General Staff of the French Navy, and is likely ere long, I understand, to take up the Mediterranean command. I was at Portsmouth in the August of '91, and I remember hearing that the Admiral had the strongest objection to sitting either to painter or photographer, and that in France it was said of him that he would far rather face a cannon than a camera. I recall the one portrait I saw of him at the time, a thin-faced man, with aquiline features and a slight beard: it was, I believe, the work of an enterprising artist of a London journal.

The revival of the Ministerial Whitebait Dinner at Greenwich, on Wednesday, proved such a success that it should not be allowed to fall into abeyance again. Forty-three members of the Government attended, including the Premier, who missed the steamer at Westminster Bridge,



THE FRONTISPIECE OF MENU CARD.

and had to be rowed out to it in a police boat at Charing Cross, much to the delight of the spectators that lined the Embankment. Lord Rosebery wore a common or garden bowler hat, while most of the Ministers figured in the orthodox "tile" of fashion. Lord Tweedmouth presided; but what happened at the Ship Hotel is as secret as the proceedings of a Cabinet Council.

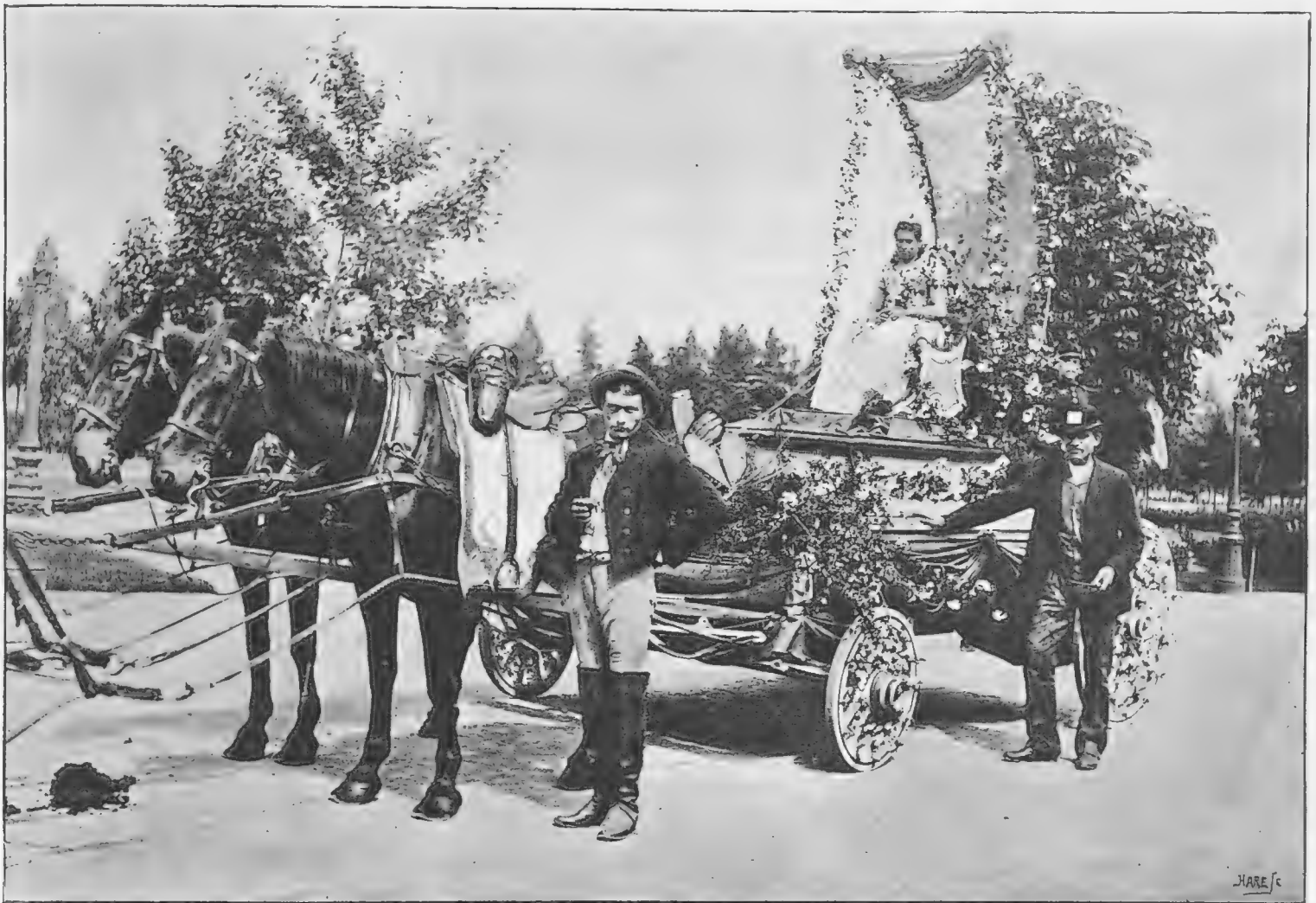
Mr. W. Renshaw, the famous lawn-tennis player, was the chief attraction at the tournament which has just taken place at Teignmouth. He has recovered from the attack of "tennis-elbow"—that painful sequel to very arduous play—and showed to great advantage in the gentlemen's singles. His "smashes" are quite as formidable as heretofore, and his judgment puts Mr. Renshaw far above the briefer experience of younger men. He had capital bouts with Mr. S. Riseley and Mr. H. A. B. Chapman, who are both considerably his juniors in point of age. The tournament took place on the ground which is situated only a few yards from the railway lines, and was a pleasant function.

When a French bride marries, she does not assume the hymeneal white satin, as is our custom, if her family or her husband's are in mourning, but goes to the altar in simple white muslin, as M. Ernest Carnot's bride did last week. Though, in view of the late President's tragic end, it seemed somewhat soon for the wedding, Madame Carnot herself wished that it should take place, as it accordingly did, but with so much privacy that not even a single relative, except those immediately connected with the young people, were informed. The bride's family wore costumes of pale grey and violet, while the Carnot ladies were, of course, in deepest mourning. The bridegroom's mother appeared deeply moved during the service, and, as an accidental onlooker wrote me, an air of silence and sadness hung over the bridal. Mdle. Chiris was an especial favourite with the late M. Carnot, and is, *on dit*, extremely pretty. She had no ornaments, except a bouquet of white roses, with some fastened into her simple dress. The Lady Chapel of St. Pierre de Passy, in which the marriage took place, was adorned with similar flowers, but there were none in any other part of the church.

A sad story comes to me from Switzerland regarding the death of a friend, who set out on a mountain-climbing expedition in search of

prettiest bits of the *Ober Alpina*, with background of pine-grown, snow-tipped mountains, the burly gladiators matching muscles on a morsel of ground level as an English green in front, while in the middle distance were the picturesque villagers, with here and there a group of English, quite as keen on the fun as any Johann or Carl. The Duchess of Leinster, who is staying at the Maloja, was among the onlookers.

One must search far and wide to find in these prosaic days a part of any country where the harvest is gathered and treated as in Biblical times. I lately succeeded in finding a village in which the possibilities of machinery are treated with contempt, and the cornfields present a sight almost, I should imagine, without parallel. I was at a country house in Pedrouços, a suburb of Lisbon, situated on the left bank of the Tagus, and one afternoon, at the suggestion of my kind hostess, we left the delights of tennis for a while to watch the harvesters. The estate belongs to a wealthy Portuguese nobleman, who never resides there. The farm labourers have been in the family employ for many generations, and, determined to preserve all old fashions, their employer does not allow any machinery to be used. Oxen—unmuzzled, in accordance with



CAR IN THE FLORAL PROCESSION IN BRUSSELS.

the Edelweiss. It is very difficult for people to realise that these grassy mountain slopes are nothing more or less than death-traps to the uninitiated, the grass being quite as slippery now as ice is in winter. No ascent should ever be made in boots without nails, and an alpenstock of some kind is quite as necessary. My friend missed his footing in the excitement of gathering an unusually good specimen of the Edelweiss, and could not check his course down the mountain slope, so that, coming on broken ground, he was literally dashed to pieces. Such an accident should really be a warning to the rash enthusiast, who in his first tramp abroad will often venture to climb rocks at which even an experienced mountaineer would hesitate.

People are flocking to the Engadine more than ever this year, the advent of royalty having, no doubt, more than a little to do with this influx of the fashionable. At St. Moritz, the other Sunday, visitors had the unusual treat of witnessing native sports by the mountaineers, who come out of their fastnesses at rare intervals for these *Schwingen* or recreation meetings. The Swiss manner of wrestling is quite unique, and elaborate preparation is indulged in to the extent of stout canvas knickerbockers, fastened at knees and waist by leather thongs, over which gay kamarbands are tied, with a view to the picturesque. The wrestling is a very serious affair among these brawny mountain men, who are much on their mettle in these bouts of strength, inhabitants of the neighbouring villages trudging in long distances to see the sport. The meeting made a charming scene, the chosen arena being one of the

the old Biblical ordinance—work in these fields “from early morn till dewy eve.” Yoked together, six or seven abreast, they plod patiently on, ever and anon stooping to take a mouthful of the golden grain. Through the constant treading, their hoofs were bright as silver. The wind does part of the winnowing—the evening wind that sets in from the north every afternoon, and cools alike the hot streets of Lisbon and the country roads beyond. The farm labourers as they follow the oxen during the day sing old Portuguese national songs, and the effect, when distance softens the harshness of their voices and only brings an echo of the song, is beautiful in the extreme. They start their work with the sunrise, at about four o'clock, and, with a short interval during the extreme heat of the day, work until seven o'clock in the evening. On this farm the men seem to treat animals kindly, and by doing so stand out in marked contrast to the majority of their fellow-countrymen. A strong society for the prevention of cruelty to animals would find a lot of work to do in Portugal.

The Continental has a far greater appreciation of the picturesque than is possessed by the sons of solid John Bull. Doubtless the weather has a good deal to do with it, as far as outdoor functions are concerned, but the weather, which has to bear such a lot on its shoulders, won't explain everything. Such a floral procession as was held in Brussels on the first Sunday of this month, and one of the cars of which is illustrated here, is peculiarly Continental. It is a pity that it should not become familiar in this country as it did, in a way, in the days of the Maypole and the village green.

Now that Miss Ada Reeve has, at the request of Mr. George Edwardes, left the music-hall stage in order to play in Gaiety burlesque, her place at the halls will, no doubt, be taken to some extent by her talented sister



Photo by Erwin-Craig, Cheapside.
MISS JULIA REEVE.

Julia. Making her first appearance, when a very small child, in melodrama at the Pavilion Theatre, in Mile-End Road, Miss Julia Reeve passed on to the Grand, Islington, and joined a company which included Mr. Harry Monkhouse. Her first appearance at the music-halls was in sketches, in which Mr. Harry Pleon was the principal performer. At length she blossomed into one of the Sisters Reeve, and, together with a young lady who was her sister only in the professional sense, made a distinct hit at such halls as the Empire. After a very successful visit to America together, the two "sisters" dissolved partnership. Julia's first

business as a single turn was to deputise for her sister Ada at the Pavilion and Tivoli, and this she did so successfully that she was engaged for a considerable time by the Newsome-Smith syndicate. More recently still, she has been in the bill at the Paragon. Possessing a very admirable vivacity and a face and figure of rare charm, her success should be assured.

To the innumerable City men whose daily duty it is to cross and recross London Bridge the new Tower Bridge is a veritable boon. This sounds somewhat paradoxical, but is simple enough. Before the new erection was an accomplished fact the traffic on London Bridge was truly immense. Buses would take as much as a quarter of an hour to cross, and at the Monument end, where King William Street and Eastcheap meet, the crushing and crowding gave difficult work to numerous policemen. Nobody could rely on catching a train by means of cab or bus. The traveller might get well on to the bridge and imagine his difficulties were over, and then some hitch at the end he was anxious to reach would bring his vehicle to a standstill, and he would often be compelled to remain while the precious minutes fled away and the train he wished to catch followed their example. At the same time, in justice to the South-Eastern and Brighton Railway Companies, I must confess that none of their trains show any anxiety to fly. To crawl contents them, and, until I had been abroad and travelled by train in foreign countries, I always imagined that the suburban trains of these two companies had mastered the art of covering the smallest space in the longest time. However, a change for the better has come over London Bridge. The heavy traffic patronises the Tower Bridge, with the result that the cabs and buses get fair play. I passed over the bridge the other morning, and was delighted with the change. Looking eastwards, I saw the long procession of carts and vans going over the new erection, and as I walked across towards the City I heard numerous remarks by other pedestrians to the effect that our City Fathers have seldom effected a more useful change from the old order of things.

There are some men in this busy world of ours who are very adept at making most of their powers of entertaining, however limited these may happen to be. We all know the throaty tenor who will torture a roomful of people on little or no provocation, the man who will sing a comic song as though it were a dirge, or perform on the violin or guitar in the most amateurish manner possible. Nevertheless, I suppose we have all met talented amateurs, and during the past few years many of them have been turning the seaside season to good account. Knowing that in the months of July and August they will find sufficient open-air audiences, it is the custom of many men in fair position to make their accomplishments pay for their holiday. A very successful amateur lately recounted his experiences to me. For the past six years he and two friends have disguised themselves by means of false hair, whiskers, and eye-glasses, and taken their holiday at three seaside places, spending a fortnight at each. They have sung at pier-heads, and occasionally at town-halls, and even on the esplanade or beach. They have stopped at first-class hotels, denied themselves nothing that would tend to their comfort, and invariably returned to town better off in health and pocket than they went away. Questioned as to his individual profits, after paying all the expenses of his six weeks' holiday, the amateur in question told me they had varied between twenty and thirty pounds each year. Truly, when the great "D. T." again wants to know what we should do with our sons, there is a reasonable suggestion. We only want summer all the year round, and to make every place a seaside town. These are but trifling obstacles in the way of a young man's enthusiasm.

Since the days when, as has been said, the Rev. Rowland Hill pointed a moral by the remark, "Here comes my wife, with the chest of drawers on her head!" I should imagine that few persons have felt so uncomfortable in a place of worship as did Mr. Kyrle Bellew and Mrs. Brown Potter in the Congregational Chapel, Portland, Oregon, U.S.A., at the hands—or, rather, at the tongue—of the Rev. George Wallace, the pastor. The reverend gentleman appears, from the American reports of the occurrence, to have been greatly incensed by the impurities of the French plays which the artists in question had presented to the public at the Grand Theatre, and poured out the vials of his wrath on the two principal offenders, who occupied prominent seats in his chapel, informing his congregation that, in his opinion, America was insulted by their performances. Mr. Bellew and Mrs. Potter found their position so uncomfortable that they withdrew in the midst of the discourse, the irritated divine pointing his remarks as they marched out by thundering forth, "Those are the parties of whom I have been speaking."

Rehearsals of Mr. Sydney Grundy's play are now in full blast at the Comedy Theatre. I am doubtful, from what I have heard, whether the "New Woman" who gives the title to Mr. Grundy's new comedy will be altogether of that type with which Mrs. Sarah Grand has made us familiar, but this the theatre-going public will be able to decide for themselves on the day of the Feast of St. Partridge, when there is little doubt that what should prove a most interesting "first night" will take place.

The Carl Rosa Opera season began last week in Blackpool, and will continue until the end of May, familiarising the provinces from end to end with the gems of opera. The company have in the past produced upwards of one hundred operas, and during the ensuing season, in addition to reproducing Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Rienzi," "Carmen," and the other operas in their regular *répertoire*, they intend to produce the new opera, "Jeanie Deans," written and composed expressly for them by Mr. Joseph Bennett and Mr. Hamish McCunn; Tascas's new opera, "At Santa Lucia," the English version of which is by Mr. William Grist; Bruneau's new opera, "L'Attaque du Moulin"; also "The Meistersingers," for the first time in English, and to revive Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," Ambrose Thomas's "Mignon," Goring Thomas's "Esmeralda" (which, it may be remembered, was written for the company), and others. Changes have been made in the *personnel*, a new member being Madame L'Allemande, a native of Syracuse, New York. She was musically educated at the Conservatoire at Dresden. Her first appearance was as Zerlina in "Don Giovanni," before the German Royal Family at Königsberg. Her success amounted to an ovation, and she was at once engaged for a tour of the chief musical centres of Prussia. During this tour Rubinstein heard Madame L'Allemande, and he recommended her to put herself under Madame De la Grange, of Paris. Madame L'Allemande afterwards continued her career in Germany, and having sung before Hans Richter, she so pleased him that he not only voluntarily agreed to produce "The Barber of Seville" at the Royal Opera House in Vienna, but also undertook to personally



MADAME L'ALLEMANDE.

conduct the performance, at which the Emperor Francis Joseph was present. Madame L'Allemande then went on a starring tour through Russia, and was afterwards engaged as *prima donna* of the American Opera Company. She subsequently joined the celebrated Boston Ideal Opera Company, with whom she remained for two years, and then toured with her own company in the United States and Mexico. Madame L'Allemande's *répertoire* consists of upwards of eighty operas. She appeared for the first time in England last spring with the Carl Rosa Company in "Lucia di Lammermoor" and "Carmen," in both of which operas she obtained an unmistakable success, and was at once retained by the directors.

Lovers of Old Edinburgh may, perhaps, look on with some regret at the changes which the last two years have brought about in that quiet corner where the Old Town merged so gradually into the Castle Hill, and Ramsay Lodge, named after its builder, Allan Ramsay, nestled unobtrusively among its trees. Allan Ramsay's house, it is true, is still there, but altered almost beyond recognition, and sandwiched in among a pile of buildings, the "harled" fronts and red-tiled roofs of which have an appearance of garish newness and obtrusiveness. The latter fault time will probably mend; at present, this latest addition to Edinburgh architecture seems open to some little criticism. At the same time, one cannot but feel in sympathy with the object of its founders, who have aimed at a re-creation of Old Edinburgh, with all its picturesque variety of form and colour, in the midst of—when all is said and done—a rather frigid Modern Athens. Our towns nowadays tend too much to a dead and depressing monotony of tone and outline, and this project, originating with Professor Geddes, of University College, Dundee, and now in course of actual realisation in stone and lime on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh, is an interesting experiment in the possibilities of modern city architecture.

It has an additional interest from the fact that a portion of the building has been set apart as a residence for students and graduates of Edinburgh University. For some years past Professor Geddes—one of the most versatile scholars over the Border—has been identified with an admirable movement, which has gained some footing in Edinburgh, for providing facilities for common residence among University men on the principle of self-government. The Scotch student resents interference in all things, especially in his private concerns, but it has occurred to Professor Geddes and others that it might be possible to found in Edinburgh several small communities of students and graduates, living together, and having in their own hands the management of their own affairs. So far, the system has met with considerable success, and there are now in Edinburgh three such

"University Halls," housing some twenty residents each, a small but not insignificant contribution to the problem of socialising the Scotch student. And, judging from the programme—the front of which, by Mr. Smith, is here reproduced—of the

Inaugural Smoking Social, held a few weeks ago at University Hall, Ramsay Lodge, that socialisation seems to be of a fair order, and Allan Ramsay, pipe in hand, dreaming of his "Gentle Shepherd," would find himself, were he to come to life again, in appreciative company.

The remarkably mild ending of the recent Anarchist trial in Paris will, perhaps, tend to restore the public confidence. Judging by certain authentic accounts that have reached me, the men of thought have been rendered as uncomfortable as the men of action. In France there is a brotherhood of men who are undeniably gifted, and somewhat dangerous to a peace-loving community. They have no organisation, no recognised place of meeting; but meeting, as they do, on the common ground of freethought, they first discuss, and, finally, even propagate, doctrines which must tend to bring about that social revolution for which they so ardently pine. It has been in my power to observe certain members of this strange community of arts and letters, and I have noted with some amusement how men who would not willingly kill a mouse will express the most revolutionary ideas. I cannot say that they are cursed with very great industry, as a rule; on the contrary, they work spasmodically, proclaiming the joys of the time to come, when capital shall be destroyed and the workers' millennium arrive. The possibility that they themselves would be drones in the social hive never occurs to them. Probably, if France allowed her children the safety-valve of free speech, their dangerous enthusiasm would find an innocent vent. Meanwhile, they ought to have what Charles Danby, in his character of a striker, used to ask for in "Joan of Arc." If my memory serves me truly, a verse of his song ran as follows:—

For ten hours' sleep and ten hours' play,
And four hours' work and four quid a day,
And Sundays off and Saturdays free—
Oh! them is the terms wot fetches me!

I hope that Mr. Frederick Hawkins will be able to infuse some vitality into the monthly magazine, the *Theatre*, which he has bought with the intention of running as a review of the drama in the accepted sense of the term. The *Theatre* has had a very chequered career since it was started late in the seventies as a threepenny weekly paper, with eight pages of two broad columns. Mr. Hawkins was its editor in its early days, his most notable successor in that position being, of course, Mr. Clement Scott. A long connection with the *Times*; the authorship of a "Life of Edmund Kean," in two volumes, published in 1869, and dedicated to John Oxenford; a bright, alert personality; an intimate acquaintance with most of the shining lights of the modern stage, and a thorough knowledge of the history of the French drama are among the many interesting points to be noted with regard to Mr. Hawkins.

While the *Windward* is bearing the Jackson-Harmsworth explorers to the far North, I hear of the death of one of its old skippers, Captain Alexander Murray, of Peterhead. Arctic exploration has become a fashionable fad, which even the girl of the period has been known to favour. But there was a time when the scientific motive, subordinate to the commercial, and the whole fisheries in the far North, attracted a little band of adventurous hunters. At that time the bleak little town of Peterhead was the head-quarters of the whale-fisher—it had a fleet of thirty vessels—and a rare race of hardy sailors it produced, notably the famous Gray family. Another veteran whaler was Captain Murray, his experience ranging over forty years, during which time he commanded the *Alert*, *Perseverance*, *Lord Saltoun*, and, finally, the *Windward*. He sailed yearly from Peterhead on his whaling trips; yet he knew something of the Arctic regions from other than the fishing point of view, for



ALLAN
RAMSAY'S
DREAM.



Photo by Shivas, Peterhead.

THE LATE CAPTAIN MURRAY IN HIS WHALING COSTUME.

he was one of the crew of the schooner *Felix*, which set sail in April, 1850, under Sir John Ross, in quest of the missing Franklin expedition. Two or three years ago he was compelled, through ill-health, to give up whaling, and since then he had resided at Peterhead, though the town is no longer the great whaling centre that it once was. He was just over sixty years of age.

UNA AND THE LION.

"Papa," said Una, coming into my study, "to-day is our day, you know."

Una has improved lately. She is not so musical as she was. The baritone who warbled duets with her last season has gone on a voyage round the world, to sing "Under the Cliff" in every language. (It created, I hear, a *furor* in Polynesia, where his social and artistic success was immediate and brilliant.) Una reads a good deal, arranges flowers, and goes to Private Views.

"We want you to come in and help us, Papa; we expect some interesting people, and there are not enough men to go round."

"So you want me to go round, eh?"

"Only to slide about, and say civil things to people. Mrs. Temple White is coming."

"And who is Mrs. Temple White?"

"Mrs. Temple White is—well, you'll see if she is not charming. Vernon Thompson has promised to look in."

"What—a pianist?"

"Oh no, Papa; only a palmarist. The Newman Hayes are coming, and that little man Mamma wants me to marry—Mr. Goldbeiter."

I winced. How plainly girls put things nowadays!

"Do you mean the young fellow who takes such an intelligent interest in South Africa, and rides in the Park in the mornings on a brown horse with a white star on its forehead?"

"I mean the man with the large ears, who always talks about comic operas, and wears a red carnation in his buttonhole. His father has the gout."

Somehow, this detail gratified me. Gout seemed a suitable illness for the father of a possible husband for Una. The elder Goldbeiter could afford it.

"Well," I said, "and who else?"

Una came closer to me, and said in her coaxing way—

"Someone against whom you have rather a prejudice is coming. You mustn't scold me."

"Not——?"

"Yes! Now Papa, do be kind. You don't know how difficult it is to get Adrian Clive."

"I don't care how difficult it is. I don't want to get Adrian Clive."

"You scarcely know him, Papa! Really, I think it's almost unchristian to be so prejudiced that you object to receive a man whom you don't even know."

"Oh, Una!"

"It is sweet of you to promise to be nice about it," said Una, kissing me. "But you're always a dear. Mr. Goldbeiter particularly asked me to get Adrian Clive, if I could. He wants to see all the London celebrities."

Well, after all, if the child wants to amuse her friends, why not?

I was talking about the Death Duties to Mrs. Temple White, who is a very pretty Theosophist, and also collects articles of Japanese warfare, and we were getting on particularly well, when she suddenly interrupted me, to say—

"Oh! isn't that Adrian Clive?"

Una was blushing with delight, clearly regarding his arrival as a triumph. It was Mr. Goldbeiter devoting himself to Mrs. Newman Haye, who, in a wonderful cloak, listened with a sweet, rapt look in her large blue eyes. Mrs. Temple White—a charming little woman, who had seemed most interested in my views on the political crisis—suddenly declared she "felt faint," and must go out on the landing.

By the time we had struggled there Adrian Clive was in the drawing-room, and she found she had left her handkerchief, so we went back again.

Then he was descending to the tea-room, and Mrs. Temple White became in urgent need of refreshment.

She sent me to get her some tea, and sat down as near as possible to a group near the door, consisting of Mr. Clive, Una, and a very young man, who was talking rather fluently.

"Mr. Clive is devoted to the Greeks," we heard Una say to the rash young man in a tone intended to guard against flippancy and self-assertion.

"Ah! the Greeks! How French!" murmured Adrian Clive as he put down his cup without having seen my companion.

Evidently she could stand it no longer.

"Fancy!" she said to me in a tone of intense bitterness, "I have a telegram in my pocket from Mr. Clive, from Teddington, saying he is out of town, or would have been delighted to come and help me to arrange my new Japanese curios. He did not expect to see me here to-day." At this moment he caught her eye, and, with the most cordial smile and bow I have ever seen, he left the room with Una.

When Goldbeiter called again, he could talk of nothing but the Newmarket Theatre, and seemed immensely struck by Vernon Thompson's prophecy that Mrs. Newman Haye would marry twice, and that the star on the Mount of Jupiter—so noticeable in her left hand—meant a short journey and a brilliant career.

"She has never had a chance—she has never had a chance," he kept repeating.

I am not a "calling" man, but I made up my mind to go and see Mrs. Temple White on one of her Thursdays.

I found her alone, looking pretty, but somewhat depressed.

"———?"

"No, not a word," she answered.

"I met him once, on the first night at the Tragedy Theatre, but, though he evidently bears no malice, somebody always seemed to stop him just as he was coming to speak to me. . . . And we used to be such friends. I knew his story, 'Miss Cumberland's Muff,' would be a success, as he told it to me before publishing it."

"He writes for the few, I thought?"

"Yes. But he likes the few to be as numerous as possible."

Her voice trembled; there were tears in her eyes.

"Mrs. White," I said, "let me go and ask for an explanation. I hate friends to quarrel. Let me reconcile you."

"You, Mr. Daniel?"

"Why not? I will arrange it; leave it to me. I shall be very careful. You may trust me."

To see how she brightened up at this suggestion was enough to reward me for any sacrifice.

"You must go and see him," she said eagerly; "not, of course, as if from me—casually. He is staying at the Piccadilly Hotel."

"I thought he lived in South Kensington?"

"Yes; but he has forgotten the number of his house. Thanks, Mr. Daniel, you are a real friend."

It was dark when I arrived. The great man was at home, and received me with charming courtesy. It struck me that he probably thought I had come with a proposal from Una. I think, however, I soon conveyed to him the real object of my visit—my disinterested sorrow to know that between him and our charming friend Mrs. White there was a little misunderstanding.

"It would be a great pleasure to me to know all was right again."

"How delightful of you! I will go and see her, and play to her some violet wail of Chopin's or a mad scarlet thing by Grieg, or I might write her a beautiful letter, full of charming and wonderful thoughts."

"Anything of the kind I am sure would be appreciated," I answered, rather vaguely; "and now I must ask you to forgive my intrusion."

"But, dear Mr. Daniel, I have not enjoyed anything more than your visit for a very long time. You are quite unique. Will you not let me offer you some slight alcoholic refreshment?"

"Well, I——"

He rang the bell.

"Some hock and seltzer. And be swift and wonderful!"

Half an hour later we parted, the best friends in the world.

"Very well, Papa, if you like. It will be great fun to show you the Botticellis and things," said Una, laughing.

As we wandered round the gallery she showed me a very, very old master, remarking, "You know, of course, that it was a mere chance that the West did not invent Japan," when I interrupted her.

"Surely, here are some people we know!"

She turned round. Adrian Clive and Mrs. Temple White were close by us.

Mrs. White looked radiant, and it was easy to see the reconciliation was complete. He gave Una the most cordial bow and smile I have ever seen, and continued explaining pre-Raphaelite art to his companion. I drew Una away to show her some old missals. I was in high spirits. I had been doing good by stealth, and, as Clive might have said, I blushed to find it quite unknown.

Some little time after this Una persuaded me to go with her to see a special *matinée* performance of "The Wild Goose Chase." It happened that exactly opposite us, in a box, were Mrs. Newman Haye, Lady Bayswater, and Baron Wurst. Mrs. Haye was listening to the Baron, with a sweet, rapt look in her large, blue eyes. After the first act we perceived Mr. Goldbeiter, who went in to talk to Mrs. Newman Haye; but, after giving him a few words over her shoulder, she turned away, and resumed her conversation with the great financier. Mr. Goldbeiter, in whose countenance I read disillusion, came round and joined us.

The wedding is fixed for the end of September.

Alfred is one of the best fellows in the world, and I fancy Una has entirely given up her ambition to have a *salon*. ADA LEVERSON.

SOME PARISIAN ACTRESSES.

Some curious information has been given to the world with respect to various Parisian actresses and vocalists. Marie Louise Magnier was born at Boulogne in 1848; Anne Judie made her *début* in the world at Semur, in the department of Côte-d'Or, July 18, 1849, and started life as a laundress; Sept. 26, 1851, saw the first appearance of the emotional actress Aimée Jeanne Tessandier, who, like Little Bo-Peep, was originally a shepherdess; Jeanne Granier and Louise Théo were both born in Paris in the February and April respectively of 1852; and a Parisian also is Mdlle. Reichenberg, of the Comédie Française, her date being Sept. 7, 1853. Children of the Gay City, too, are Jeanne Julie Bartet, Oct. 28, 1854, and Gabrielle Réjane (Madame Sans-Gêne), 1856. Madame Baretta-Worms was born at Avignon, April 22, 1856; Rose Caron, the *prima donna*, hails from a place in Seine-et-Oise, Nov. 17, 1857; and Renée Richard, the contralto, from Cherbourg, May 12, 1858. The same year saw the birth of another Parisian, Jane May, the incomparable Pierrot junior of "L'Enfant Prodigue."



THE SISTERS LEVEY IN THEIR OSTRICH DANCE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, CHEAPSIDE.

THEATRICAL FAMILIES.

I.—THE FORBES-ROBERTSONS.

One need not be a devotee to the doctrine of heredity to believe that the artistic temperament runs in families. Sometimes it takes the same form: more often, perhaps, it displays itself in different ways—in art, in literature, or on the stage. The Forbes-Robertsons combine all these manifestations, although they are best known on the stage.

It has been said—and not without some basis—that Scotland does not figure prominently in the history of the drama; indeed, the chief

of his life ere he had arrived at man's estate was Mr. Wills, who was hesitating just then how to cast the rôle of Chastelard in his new piece, "Marie Stuart," and suddenly suggested the suitability of the part to young Robertson—at any rate, to his appearance. The lad modestly demurred, but, finally, with much diffidence, consented. Then rehearsals and drillings became the order of the day. The play came off, and the criticisms on his initial performance were most favourable, and awarded the juvenile actor no small meed of praise.

Although encouraged and reassured by this little success, Johnston Forbes-Robertson was by no means as yet bitten by stage fever. "No, indeed," he emphatically asserts; "but I wanted to become independent, and, as it would have been a long time before I earned much by painting, I determined to work resolutely for the stage; so with a sigh I laid aside brush and palette, and devoted myself to my new profession."

As generally happens when talent, self-denial, and earnest work are combined, Mr. Forbes-Robertson's perseverance was rewarded. After that first, almost accidental, performance, the young actor was immediately engaged by the late Mr. Charles Reade to go on tour in "The Wandering Heir." This was succeeded by an invitation to join the stock company at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, where he fortunately attracted the favourable notice of Phelps, while playing under him for four years such parts as Lovewell in "The Clandestine Marriage," Falkland in "The Rivals," Joseph Surface, Cromwell in "Henry VIII.," and Baradas in "Richelieu." The great tragedian, with that generosity which is so often observed among the higher lights of the dramatic profession, prophesied a successful future for his young brother in art, took him under his wing, and coached him in all his rôles, especially in his Shaksperian characters.

"I shall never forget all I owe him for this," says Forbes-Robertson, with much feeling. "He ever showed me the greatest kindness. To Mr. Hollingshead, too, I am greatly indebted. He never lost an opportunity of pushing me forward, and was always most friendly."

As time passed by, the young actor's success became assured, and he soon realised his early dream of independence. By-and-by, a long run of a popular piece enabled him to devote a few hours daily to his first love, and it was then that he painted the portrait—bought by the Garrick Club, and hung in its staircase—of his "guide, philosopher, and friend," Phelps, in his Cardinal's robes of scarlet silk and biretta. The next picture was a commission from Mr. Irving, and its subject the famous church scene in "Much Ado About Nothing"; it contains nearly two dozen portraits, himself the Claudio. But this amusement



Photo by Mendelssohn, Cambridge Crescent, W.

MR. J. FORBES-ROBERTSON.

apostle of Home Rule for Scotland is so conscious of the lamentable poverty of native Scots drama that he has written more than one play to supply this deficiency in his country's attainments. Nor has Scotland given the stage many actors, although it can boast Mr. George Alexander. In a more remote way, it has given us the Forbes-Robertsons—Mr. Johnston Forbes-Robertson, who has made such a name for himself at the Garrick Theatre, Mr. Ian Robertson, and Mr. Norman Forbes. There are also two younger sons—Leonard, who is a clever violinist, and Eric, an artist, who is at present in Brittany.

They inherit their artistic leanings from their father, Mr. John Forbes-Robertson, who hails from Aberdeen, which Andrew Halliday, another north-countryman, once described as the Ultima Thule of the dramatic world in these islands. Fifty years ago he came to London, and for a long period he was a familiar figure in the world of art criticism. His best known work is his "Great Painters of Christendom," and he is partly responsible for a life of Samuel Phelps, which shows that he has at least been interested in the stage; and no one who has heard him deliver a speech can doubt that the dramatic element is latent in him too, for he declaims with an ease which is not a characteristic of English public speaking.

MR. JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON.

Mr. Johnston Forbes-Robertson, his eldest son, began his career, very naturally, as an artist. On leaving the Charterhouse School, he spent some years in Rome, turning his attention chiefly to the English classics, while every spare moment was devoted to his brush. At the age of seventeen he returned to London, entered as a student at the Royal Academy, and for three years gave his whole mind to acquiring the technicalities of his profession. Among his contemporaries in student life were Mr. Sam Waller, Mr. Waterhouse, R.A., Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A., and Mr. Gilbert, R.A., the sculptor. Fate had no intention, however, of leaving him in undisturbed possession of his brush. The *deus ex machina* who stepped in and altered all the circumstances



Photo by Sarony, New York.

MR. IAN ROBERTSON.

was always made subservient to the painter's real profession, and merely filled in odd hours. When the requirements of a new play called for frequent rehearsals, the picture was turned face to wall and the easel temporarily forsaken.

One of the pleasant characteristics of the young actor-painter is his extremely modest and unassuming manner. He cannot be persuaded to say aught of his histrionic triumphs. "Say, rather, 'experiences,'" he remarks deprecatingly, with a smile. However, these are too well known to the public to need mention, and the great dramatic critic of the day, in a notice of his latest part, has just pronounced the words, "Mr. Johnston Forbes-Robertson can do nothing ill!"

Perhaps one of the most successful of his earlier efforts was his creation of Geoffrey Wynniard in "Dan'l Druce." None who witnessed that charming idyll of the seventeenth century will forget its simple pathos. The lovers, Forbes-Robertson and Miss Marion Terry, who was Dorothy, the Puritan maiden, played with indescribable grace.

The young actor has had a long and varied *répertoire*, having performed in 120 different parts. Shakspeare is his favourite study, and Leontes his favourite rôle. "I prefer it infinitely," he says. "Not only do I feel more at home in the plays of Shakspeare, but they are much easier to learn. It is a pleasure to speak blank verse, and romantic drama has more charms for me than any other."

In his creation of Horace Welby in "Forget-Me-Not," long ago, he may probably be said to have "won his spurs." Among many other successful rôles have been the original parts of Basil in "Lords and Commons," Arthur Dimmesdale in "The Scarlet Letter," Nigel Chester in "Tares," Claud Glynne in "The Parvenu," Dunstan Renshaw in "The Profligate," and Scarpia in "La Tosca."

He has a pleasant reminiscence of the recent revival of "Diplomacy," when he accompanied Mr. Hare to play Julian Beauclerk at Balmoral, on which occasion he was presented to the Queen, to the Princesses and to the Empress Eugénie, and received from her Majesty a beautiful diamond pin with Imperial Crown and cipher.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson begins a tour through the provinces on his own account, opening on Monday at the Grand, Islington, with "The Profligate." Miss Kate Rorke will play her old part, and the rôle of Lord Dangan will be undertaken by his brother, Mr. Ian Robertson. "Diplomacy" will also be played, and a new piece by Miss Clo Graves will be produced at Manchester on Sept. 28. Great interest attaches to the revival of "The Profligate," both on account of the play—comparison with "Mrs. Tanqueray" being almost inevitable—and the players.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson occupies one of the fine, old-fashioned houses in stately Bedford Square. To one whose tastes lie entirely in the world of art, and the cultivation of which is his first object in life, no more peaceful retreat could be found. The hall is adorned with many valuable proofs from Holbein, Van Dyck, Raphael, and Domenichino.

The studio is large and lofty. The walls bear many a sign-manual of his own. Here is to be seen Madame Modjeska, grand and stately in a white robe; there sweet Ellen Terry, wrapped in furs, looks down from her frame and smiles a 'witching smile. A portrait of the artist's mother occupies a prominent place, and another of his brother Norman, in fancy dress of the fourteenth century, with sword in hand, and a loose cloak thrown lightly over him. There are also some fine etchings, gifts of brother-artists, groups of lovely children's heads, and many bits of antique brass and bronze work.

Tall and slight, dark blue eyes, with broad, fair brow, and refined, clearly-cut features, is your rapidly-sketched mental portrait of the actor; but there is something, in spite of his youthful appearance, in the determined expression of the mouth and chin that indicates a steady perseverance and will-power that have doubtless been of good service in his successful career. The young player has made his name early in life. He has never been out of an engagement, and his amiable, modest nature has endeared him to all; but it is in the home circle that his fine character stands out pre-eminently. His mother is proud to say: "He is a good son, a good brother."

MR. IAN ROBERTSON.

His brothers have appropriately divided the family name for stage purposes. Mr. Ian Robertson did not exchange the schoolroom at first for the stage; he went through what he now describes as "seven years' penal servitude" of an apprenticeship to the famous shipbuilders, Messrs. Thornycroft; yet he seems to have assisted in constructing some interesting work, and notably in launching the *Gitana*, the swiftest of lake steamers, for Baroness Adolphe de Rothschild, for use on the Lake of Geneva.

His nervous temperament and the artistic atmosphere in which he had been bred, and in which all his friends lived, made him such a rebel to mechanical science as to induce him, directly he was out of his articles, to accept an offer made him by Miss Geneviève Ward to play in "Zilla," a piece by Palgrave Simpson; and so it came about that he burnt all his torpedo-boats behind him. His novitiate further included the playing of small parts at the Adelphi, the old Prince of Wales's, and the Imperial. His next engagement was of a much more important nature, since he personated the part of bridegroom at his own wedding, which united him to a daughter of the dramatic critic, Mr. Joseph Knight. His newly-found happiness he then carried to America, where, during ten years, he garnered a full harvest of experience, playing heavy and character parts with Modjeska, Mrs. Brown Potter, Wilson Barrett, and Booth, under, among other managers, Abbey, Frohmann, and Palmer. He had the good fortune to be the first to introduce "The Private Secretary" to Americans, as English players first saw the poor curate in the person of Mr. Beerbolm Tree, who, by-the-way, afterwards played the part of Zabaroff in Maurice Baringmore's "Nadjeska," created by Mr. Robertson. Specially engaged by Mr. Palmer, Mr. Robertson appeared as the Baron-detective in "Jim the Penman"; and his Transatlantic career included

his appearance in several Shaksperian plays, as Mercutio, the Ghost in "Hamlet," and Sir Andrew Aguecheek. For a time he was stage-manager at the Boston Museum Theatre, where the repertory often embraced as many as three or four different plays a week, as in the old days over here. He himself appeared on the boards, playing sometimes with Booth, and greatly to that actor's satisfaction, the parts of the Gravedigger in "Hamlet," the King in "Richelieu," and others.

It would be tedious, perhaps, to detail too minutely a career which during its decade embraced visits to three hundred cities, besides the crossing of the boundary-line of every State in the Union. But the strains of *Dulce Domum* kept luring him to this side; so four years ago he returned to England, which he has found no cause to regret, though, as he says, he has not taken a very prominent place at present on the London boards. Yet one readily associates his name with the parts of the King in "Grimoire," and Sir Fulke Pettigrew in "The Parvenu," produced at the Globe, when that theatre was under his brother Forbes-Robertson's management; while his Lord Petworth in "Sowing the Wind" is a creation of quite an enduring nature. Almost immediately on his return to this country, he was instrumental in producing that high-class dramatic newspaper, the *Players*, to which Bernard Partridge contributed such a charming frontispiece, but which did not live to celebrate an anniversary.



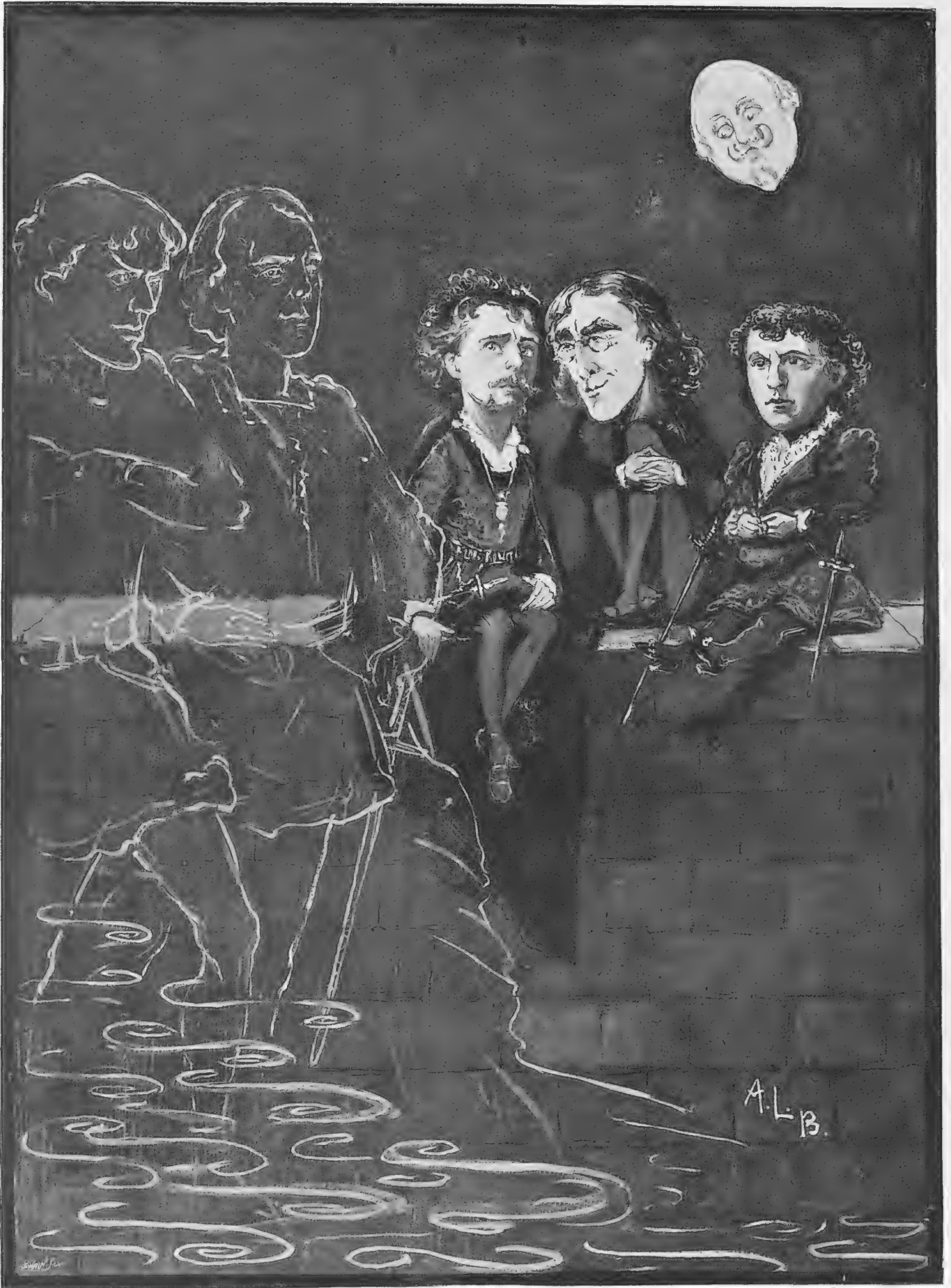
Photo by Disderi, Hanover Square, W.

MR. NORMAN FORBES.

During this period Mr. Robertson penned many words, and in a literary sense, was especially successful in producing in June, two years ago, "A Play in Little," a romantically-written and an originally-conceived piece.

MR. NORMAN FORBES.

The third of the family, Mr. Norman Forbes, is the junior of Ian by about a year. From his King's College School days he put his hand to the plough of a histrionic career, and he has not looked back. He found the same dramatic mentors as his eldest brother, for Phelps first held out his hand to him and Mr. Wills welcomed him to Drury Lane. Eighteen months he spent pleasantly under Mr. Buckstone, and subsequently under Mr. Sothorn. He played Moses in "Olivia" at the Court with Mr. Hare. Mr. Irving assigned him the part of Wilfred in "The Iron Chest," among other parts. At the Court, again, under Wilson Barrett and Madame Modjeska, he personated Mercutio, Mortimer in "Marie Stuart," and Gaston in "Heartsease." After a time with Madame Modjeska in America, Mr. Irving again invited him to the Lyceum, and carried him with him to the New World on two occasions. Then he was associated with Mr. Richard Mansfield during his tenancy of the Globe, appeared in the ill-fated "Brantingham Hall" at the St. James's, and, still later, in "All the Comforts of Home." He is now looking forward to his tour in the States with the Kendals.



A GROUP OF NOBLE DANES.

"We may hope that before long Mr. Willard and Mr. George Alexander will appear as Hamlet."—*Vide Press.*
 Chorus of Messrs. Irving, Tree, and Wilson Barrett: "Rest, rest! perturbed spirits!"

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

"LIL."

BY MRS. OSCAR BERINGER.

They had come to a low ebb, he and she—a low ebb of mind, body, and love. They had mated together for a year in Manchester. They were both waifs. The world didn't stop to concern itself about them, and, somehow, Lil felt a sort of shamefacedness at the thought of a post-nuptial ceremony.

They were passing a church one day as the *vox humana* stop of the organ rang out. This was about a week after he had taken her home to his diggings. A certain instinctive shame flickered across the girl's face.

"That's a nice tune, ain't it, Jem?" she said wistfully.

Jem knocked the ashes out of his pipe on the railing.

"Not my style," he answered. "Wait a bit; I want to fill my pipe."

Jem refilled his pipe, and as they both stood still in the busy thoroughfare Lil got a good deal jolted by the passers-by. Jem glanced at her.

"Of course, if you'd like to go to church," he began awkwardly.

But the organ had stopped, and Lil stooped to brush off a large spot of mud spattered upon her from a carriage in which sat two beautiful women.

The moment had passed.

The summer was nearly over, and the air of the town was breathless with a sultry heat, which parched men's throats and women's souls.

Lil had been ill—very ill. Her babe had died.

Jem went to see her now and then at the Refuge, to which she had been admitted. But something often happened to prevent his coming on the days when visits were allowed. When he was free the doors were closed.

The first time he came he brought her a little bunch of flowers.

Her thin hand closed upon them with a cry of delight; but she was very weak, and they tumbled from the bed to the floor. She was so glad to see him that she forgot the flowers. His boots were thick and trampled them to death. When she was alone again she asked for them. Nothing could be found but a little shapeless pulp.

"He didn't know they was under his feet, you see," she whispered deprecatingly to the good Sister, who lifted her further up on her pillow. "Flowers and suchlike ain't in Jem's line."

"Your husband, I suppose, dear?"

A faint flush tinted Lil's pale cheek and faded.

"No."

And she turned her face to the wall and fell asleep from sheer weakness.

The last time she saw Jem before her discharge, he said, "I suppose you'll be comin' back the day after to-morrow, Lil?"

Her eyes glowed as she replied, "Yes, Jem, I'm comin' home. The place'll want a good tidyin' up after all these weeks."

He shifted awkwardly on his chair and coughed softly, as if afraid of waking someone.

Lil looked up as if expecting him to speak.

"You'll miss a goodish few things, I'm thinkin'," he said at last; "I've bin out o' work and had a lot o' worry."

"Jem!"

"An'—an' Rawson's gal've been in now and then," he added, with a gasp. And he fumbled at his necktie as if it were choking him.

"Rawson's gal have been in now and then?" repeated Lil, blankly.

"Why, you've nothing agin that, I suppose?" he asked, with a pretence of joviality in his tone.

"No."

"I suppose ye'll be back about tea-time, Lil?" he said conciliatingly, after a pause.

"I suppose so."

The man glanced furtively at her impenetrable face.

"Good night, Lil," he said, and seemed about to extend his hand in farewell.

"Good night," she replied indifferently, and turned up the ward.

The world seemed very grimy, very noisy, very insistent to Lil after the peace and purity of the Refuge which had sheltered her for so many weeks. Nothing was exactly the same as she had left it. And she had changed—changed in some mysterious yet palpable fashion which she was even now too weak and perhaps too ignorant to try to define. But she knew she had changed. As she stumbled up the stairs of the grimy house to the rooms which she had called "home," she was conscious of a certain tension of expectation, a certain girding of her loins for an inevitable battle.

A suppressed laugh greeted her from above, and she looked up, to meet two pairs of inquisitive eyes greedily following her every movement. They belonged to two seamstresses, who "chummed" a room on the upper floor.

"I'm back, you see," said Lil.

"Time you was," returned the elder of the two girls. "There's been fine goin's on since your time."

The past tense grated harshly on Lil's ear.

"What goings on?" she asked fiercely.

"Find out!" said the girl, with a light laugh. "You'll know soon enough."

And the door above slammed sharply.

Lil's hand felt instinctively for her pocket. She and Jem had always had a key each. It was there. She opened the door and entered.

The "goings on" had left their mark. Lil gazed round and sank into a chair with what was neither a sob nor a sigh, but both.

A large hole burnt in the square of florid Brussels carpet, which had been her pride, betrayed the dust and grime of the boards beneath. The pretty chintz covers on the four chairs hung in rags and tatters. The blind was twisted awry and torn. The little chiffonier, which they had paid for by instalments, was scratched and defaced by the rims of



"Of course, if you'd like to go to church," he began awkwardly.

beer cans and glasses. A sickly fire smouldered in the grate, choked with the ashes of three or four days. The fire-irons were thick in rust.

Lil shivered and passed into the inner room, where she and Jem had slept.

The air was thick with the fumes of tobacco and drink. The bed was unmade. The impress of two heads was still on the pillows.

The inference was patent to Lil. "Rawson's gal had been in now and then."

A curious faintness, born of her bodily weakness, the mental shock of her discoveries, and the fetid air of the room, stole over Lil.

She reached the window and, gasping for breath, pulled it open. For a moment she lost consciousness. Then the soft September air revived her, and she awoke again with the dull sense that the battle had begun and that she must rally her forces. Nothing was clear to her at the moment beyond a burning desire to cleanse and purify.

She took off her hat and jacket at the little glass. Her face looked out of it at her with strange, unrecognising eyes. Yes; everything had changed.

She opened a drawer. A tawdry garter lay in it. At the bottom of the cupboard she found some garish false flowers and a cheap Louis Quinze shoe.

Yes; Rawson's gal had been everywhere. Lil gathered up the litter and threw it on the fire, which she kindled into a fierce blaze. She watched it burn.

Two hours afterwards the air was clear and wholesome. The carpet was mended. A bright fire burned in the grate. The hearth was swept, and the kettle sang merrily.

The click of Jem's key in the lock awoke a mechanical, involuntary echo of the old joy in Lil's heart; but she said no word of welcome when he entered the room.

He looked round, then at her.

"Ah, you was always a fine one for keepin' a place clean and tidy," he said, with a faint note of satisfaction in his voice.



"Rawson's gal had been in now and then."

But she felt his eyes regard her furtively, as when he had visited her at the Refuge.

"Yes; I was always counted a good cleaner," she returned coolly. "There was a lot o' muck to clear up."

"Did ye—did ye find much lyin' about?" he asked hesitatingly.

The girl's eyes glowed with a dull fire.

"Too much for me," she replied, after a pause. "But there ain't none left. I burnt it all."

And again the man glanced at her furtively. And again she knew it, without looking at him.

"I've got the tea ready," she said, turning away to lift the tea-pot from the hob.

"That's right," he answered conciliatingly. "I ain't had a good cup of tea since——"

Lil lifted her eyes from the cup she was filling, and looked straight into his.

"Since—since you left," he added hastily.

They sat in silence for a long time. The dusk of autumn fell upon them. It was as if the man were trying to force the woman to speak first; but she would not.

At last he said, "Lil, I'm goin' to make a clean breast of it."

She dropped her hands in her lap and waited.

"I've been goin' wrong," he went on quickly, "ever since you went to the Refuge. I was turned off the week afore last at the works for drunkenness—and that was the second time. And I've give a bill o' sale on the sticks—it's due to-morrer, and they'll sell us up afore twelve."

"Who is 'us,' Jem?" asked Lil.

Jem tried to see her face, but a veil of darkness had fallen between them.

"Why, you and me," he replied. "Leastways, if you're still willin'."

A sudden wave of pity brought the girl to his feet.

"If you want me, Jem, if you want me," she whispered. And she hid her face on his knee.

"You're not cryin'," he said irritably.

"No, Jem," said Lil, looking up with dry, tearless eyes.

"That's right," he said. "That's the best o' you, Lil, you ain't the cryin' sort."

"No, I don't cry much," she replied.

And she rose and went to the window, and watched the last faint red streaks of light die out in the murky sky.

"It's a pity the home's got to go, ain't it, Lil?"

"Yes, it's a pity," she replied dully.

"You could save it if you liked, Lil."

And Jem rose, and, coming behind the girl, drew her backwards, so that her head rested on his shoulder. She trembled as his arms closed round her, but her voice was steady as she said, "I save it, Jem?"

"Yes, you."

"How?" she whispered.

"You're more fine-like, more 'igh-class, since you've been in the Refuge," said Jem. "A smile and a word from you to one of them young swells as has more money than they knows what to do with——"

The girl shot like an arrow from his grasp.

"It's *that*, and it's *you* ask it, Jem!" she flashed at him.

"Don't fly at me like a young tiger-cat. I've asked nothing. I've only told you the truth. We're sold up if the money ain't here by twelve to-morrow. If you're reasonable, it can be got; if you're not, why, the game's up, and that's all about it."

And Jem struck a match on the sole of his boot, and lit the lamp.

Lil stood staring at him. The rapidity with which events moved dazzled her. Fresh from the peaceful serenity of the Refuge, this sudden facing of complex problems dazed her understanding. The facts as Jem stated them were irrefragable in their logic, overpowering in their force. The end was visible enough, but the means troubled her.

And yet he was the father of her child, and "us" still meant "you and me." And "Rawson's gal" had so nearly ousted her!

Everything seemed so entangled. Why not cut the Gordian knot, as Jem had suggested? If he had nothing against it, why should she?

And yet——

And then the girl looked round at the room in its old dress of cleanly orderliness.

Each homely article had crept into her heart as she had restored it to its erstwhile wholesome purity. If she refused, to-morrow would see its destruction and scattering. A wave of memories swept over her, and, ebbing, carried her last scruples with it. She slightly shrugged her shoulders as she passed into the inner room.

Jem heard her strike a match.

"Where are you going, Lil?" he asked.

"Out!" she replied laconically.

A few minutes after she re-entered. She had twisted a long feather round a large brimmed straw hat which she had worn before she got ill. A white tulle veil drawn across her face lent an added brilliancy to her fair complexion. Some cheap lace, deftly arranged at her throat, softened the outlines of her jacket. Her blue eyes shone with a steely lustre.

Jem, who had been staring into the fire with his elbows on his knees, leaned back in his chair and gazed at her in astonishment.

"Why, you look like a duchess, Lil!" he cried. "And that puts me in mind, I ain't had a kiss since you've been back."

She laughed lightly as he rose, and evaded him.

At the door she cried, "Duchesses ain't for you, Jem!" and kissed the tips of her fingers at him.

"Good luck!" cried Jem.

The door slammed, and she was gone.

"Yes, that's the best o' her. She's a good-plucked 'un. She ain't the cryin' sort," muttered Jem.

And then he reached down his hat and went to the chemist's.

Shortly after midnight Lil returned. A young man of slightly superior class followed her up the dark staircase. His step was unsteady, his face flushed.

She was as pale as when she kissed her fingers to Jem at the door, and her eyes glittered with a still colder lustre.

As early dawn broke a man was found by the police at the end of the street. He was apparently stupefied by a drug, and lay half on the kerb, half off it. His pockets had been ransacked, his watch was gone.

"Here, I say! Rouse up!" said the constable, giving him a vigorous punch between the shoulders. "Rouse up! you've been houcussed and robbed. Rouse up, man, and try and remember where you've been."

"Lil!" babbled the man, mechanically.

"Oh, of course!" said the constable, with a fine satire. "We know that."

A group of late revellers turned the corner. They were yelling obscene songs, and were in all stages of drunkenness.

"Here, lend us a hand to get this chap up," said the constable.

As they half dragged, half pushed him into a standing position, one of the women laughed. The man roused more fully than he had yet done.

"Lil!" he said distinctly.

"Lil?" repeated the woman, incredulously.
 "Oh, yes!" said the constable; "it's Lil, sure enough. He's told me that before."
 "Lil!" repeated the man.
 A gleam of malice shot into the woman's bleared eyes.
 "I can tell you where to find her!" she said.
 "Good for you!" cried the constable, eagerly. "One good turn deserves another;" and he whipped out a well-thumbed notebook.
 "I mean to get up quite a pretty little case over this 'ere job."
 "Jem Mason's Lil. I don't know her other name. P'r'aps she ain't got one," said the woman, with a leer. "And they live over there," pointing out the house, "on the second floor."
 "Thank ye, my dear; that'll do nicely. You'll charge her, of course," he said in a louder tone to the man, who listened with a hazy comprehension.
 "Oh, yes, of course. I'll charge her," he replied thickly.
 "Well, come along," said the constable. "A bath and a cup o' strong coffee'll pull you round, and we'll get down to the court in nice time."
 "Good luck!" laughed the woman. She was "Rawson's gal."
 The next day the papers contained the following—

At the Central Police Court, before Mr. —, Lil Deucie, aged eighteen, was charged with administering a noxious drug to, and afterwards robbing, Stephen Baily, a solicitor's clerk. The prisoner, an interesting-looking young woman, pleaded guilty, and preserved a sullen silence throughout. The prosecutor gave evidence with great reluctance, and proposed to abandon the charge. Mr. —, in the interests of public safety, however, refused his permission, and the case proceeded. The prosecutor suggested that the prisoner might have acted at the instigation of a person or persons unknown. No money or any valuables were found in her possession, and she was, at the time of being charged, homeless and penniless.
 The prisoner pleaded guilty and denied instigation, and no evidence being forthcoming to support the prosecutor's suggestion, she was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment with hard labour.
 The magistrate commended Constable 77 E on his energy and vigilance in protecting the citizens of Manchester from the attacks of harpies.

EPILOGUE.

Lil became an inmate of the prison infirmary a month after her conviction.
 After a weary struggle between life and death, youth kicked the beam, and she lived.
 During the whole term of her imprisonment and convalescence her sole and only visitor was Stephen Baily. He never missed a day.
 She grew to look for his coming as the pilgrim looks to the East for dawn. The night had passed.



Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

VIOLET AND MARIE L'AIGLE COLE.



C. HENTSCHEL, S.

A WATER-BABY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RALPH ROBINSON, REDHILL.



THE NEW WOMAN IN NEW ZEALAND—A BRIDE IN BREECHES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STANDISH AND FREECE, CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

A BRIDE IN BREECHES.

Little short of the gift of prophecy overtook Macaulay when he pictured the New Zealander contemplating the ruins of London; for the manner in which New Zealand shows the way in most directions is wonderful. Nowhere is the great Woman Movement so rampant. It is New Zealand that has given us a lady mayor in the person of Mrs. Yates, who rules the destinies of the township of Onchunga, near Auckland. Wellington also furnished the case of a wedding recently in which lovely woman asserted her individuality. The lady went through the marriage ceremony up to the point where she was asked, "Wilt thou have this man?" Here she drew up by replying, "No; I won't have him," and she persisted in that mood till ten o'clock the next morning, when, having sufficiently vindicated her natural liberty, she consented to the ceremony being concluded. This may have been a case of eccentricity; but a much more wider significance must be given to another wedding, which has been celebrated at Christchurch, under the auspices of the New Zealand Dress Reform Association. The bride, Miss Kate Walker, and the bridegroom, Mr. J. R. Wilkinson, had already joined hands by publishing a pamphlet on "Dress Reform and What it Implies." Not satisfied with this achievement, they resolved to show what the dress reform implied by donning the reform garments on their wedding-day. The result—surely a unique one—is shown on the opposite page. The enterprising bride, like Strephon in "Patience," was divided into two parts, as it were, the upper part of her dress consisting of the conventional bride's veil, and the lower sinking into a modified pair of breeches. Her costume was of stone-blue bengaline, with vest and revers of white silk, embroidered with gold. She wore a beautiful wreath of jessamine instead of the time-honoured orange-blossom, and, although gloves were discarded, a lovely veil was worn—not, however, over the face, but thrown back, and falling in long, graceful folds over the shoulders. The bridesmaid, Miss Nellie Walker, wore a suit of cream silk, with a beautiful lace collar. The lady in whose house the wedding took place wore a brown cashmere suit, trimmed with handsome braid. The suits were nearly all of the same design, neatly-fitting knickers, long coat, with revers, and a long vest, the coat being edged with cord to match the material. Most of the gentlemen were in knicker costume. The parson who united the "happy pair," with the true God-bless-you-my-children spirit, professed himself in thorough sympathy with the movement. There will certainly be no difficulty now in deciding as to which of the two "wears the breeks," as the Scot would say.

THE EX-SULTAN OF PERAK.

Not only interest in the impressions formed of London and of England generally by a foreign mind, but interest in the personality of a Sultan whom ill-fortune has deprived of his throne, drew me to the Wimpole Hotel to call on his Highness Abdullah, ex-Sultan of Perak, who is now on a visit to this country for the first time. After being introduced by the courteous official I found in attendance, I had a very agreeable chat with this only English-speaking Malay prince, with the exception of his sons, the eldest of whom, the Rajah Mansur, is heir to the throne, now occupied by the Sultan Idris, Abdullah's cousin. Two other sons hold high official positions in Perak, while two younger boys are being educated by Mr. Bosworth at St. Croix, East Sheen.

Naturally, I did not refer to the unfortunate fate of the first British Resident appointed by the Government at Perak, which had such dire results for this prince who now so courteously received me; but in telling me something of the history of his country—how, a few months after his accession to the Sultanate on the death of his father, he invited the protection of the British Government against the embarrassments he was suffering from the turbulence of the Chinese population—one could not but feel that he had every interest in preserving the safety of the ill-fated Mr. J. W. Birch, while it is well known that the late Chief Justice Benson Maxwell and many officials best able to judge of the facts surrounding his death considered his Highness to be innocent of all knowledge of that crime.

But not one word would his Highness suffer in his presence or allow to be published with a view to reopening his case, or that might possibly reflect on the Government, as he had promised this as one of the conditions of being allowed to visit this country. But I could perceive that he is buoyed up by the consciousness of his own rectitude, and thinks the day will yet come when this undeserved stigma will be removed from his name; while he is proud of the fact that his eldest son will eventually mount the throne of his fathers. With a grateful air, he speaks of the fact that eight years after his seventeen years' residence in the Seychelle Islands, whither he had been deported, all restrictions on his liberty were removed, he being merely put on his *parole d'honneur*, and, further, that, three years ago, he had permission given him to reside in Singapore. However, he has not yet availed himself of that privilege, but has in the meantime obtained Lord Ripon's consent to his paying a private visit to England. With a kindling eye he speaks of the many attentions and civilities paid him while here, both official and otherwise, but especially is he proud of his unofficial introduction to Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, who graciously shook hands with him during their visit to Canterbury, he being there as a guest of Mr. Henniker Heaton, the popular member for that city. His Highness has dined at the House of Commons as Mr. Heaton's guest,

and also by invitation of Mr. F. S. Stevenson, M.P., many members holding office both in the late and present Governments having kindly accepted invitations to meet him. Lord Ripon, the Colonial Minister, was pleased to receive him in audience, as did the Hon. Sir Robert Meade, the Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies.

On my asking what impressed him chiefly in this country, he spoke of his astonishment at the number of people employed in different establishments. The Post Office, Woolwich Arsenal, and the Bank of



Photo by J. Thomson, Grosvenor Street, W.

THE EX-SULTAN OF PERAK.

England impressed him especially, while the busy throng and rapid life of our streets are one source of endless wonder. Then he chatted about his own country, its immense mineral wealth, particularly its lucrative tin mines, its vast resources for trade, the field it opens to sportsmen searching for game, and the great future before it under British guidance. He described his own Court life in the past, with his seventy richly-caparisoned elephants, the wealth of the treasury, and the physical beauty of the territory of 10,000 square miles comprised in the Perak Sultanate. After an hour's conversation, I was impressed with the circumstance that the ex-Sultan was a man of considerable mental attainments, of keen observation, of fine character, proud of his birthright, but still prouder of the advantages that accrue to his country through its protectorate under the rule of our Queen-Empress, to whose throne he expressed the deepest loyalty.

W.

LITERARY PUZZLES.

An American journal propounds some literary questions, of which the following is a specimen—

- Is Thomas Hardy nowadays?
- Is Rider Haggard pale?
- Is Minot Savage? Oscar Wilde?
- And Edward Everett Hale?
- Was Laurence Sterne? was Hermann Grimm?
- Was Edward Young? John Gay?
- Jonathan Swift? and old John Bright?
- And why was Thomas Gray?
- Was Francis Bacon lean in streaks?
- John Suckling vealy? Pray,
- Was Hogg much given to the pen?
- Are Lamb's Tales sold to-day?



MISS HOPE BOOTH.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, REGENT STREET, W.

A CHAT WITH MISS HOPE BOOTH.

Photographs by Hana, Regent Street, W.

I was taking a mental inventory as to how many household gods Miss Hope Booth had placed in the white-and-blue room of her furnished flat, and had definitely decided that the jar of odorous roses, the big palms, and the innumerable photos strewn on mantelshelf and cabinet



MISS HOPE BOOTH.

came in my category, when the door opened quickly, and the young American actress came forward, offering her hand in hearty fashion.

"Well," said Miss Booth, proceeding to ensconce herself in an arm-chair, and tilting back her head, with its mass of short, curly dark hair, and starting without any preface, "I like it very much; I love London; everyone has been so kind to me, and I am enjoying myself."

"This is your first visit to our shores?" I essayed, taking note the while of the personal attractions of "Little Miss 'Cute,'" whose very vivacious manner, big, roguish blue eyes and pearly teeth will surely make her very fascinating to London playgoers.

"Yes, I've been nearly three months in London, and I have had such heaps of invitations, and such good times, and so much spoiling, and now I am very busy, as we are commencing rehearsals directly, and I had to get all my company together. You can imagine that was work."

"Did you engage them all yourself?"

"Yes; I saw nearly every principal act before I came to any decision, and I arranged everything, though, of course, my manager drew up the contracts. Mr. Allan Aynesworth will have the leading man's part, and then there is Mr. Frank Fenton, Mr. Albert Sims, Mrs. Waring, Miss Alexis Leighton, and Mr. Gerald Hertslet, who is going to appear in the 'curtain-raiser.' The latter gentleman cabled over from America to know if I could find a place in my piece for him, and as a result of my reply he has just arrived in London. I think of having a fresh 'curtain-raiser' every month," said Miss Booth, thoughtfully.

"And what sort of a piece is 'Little Miss 'Cute'?" I inquired.

"Oh, it's just dandy!" returned the young actress, emphatically. "That's a piece of American slang, which, perhaps, you don't understand—it means splendid. You see, it has been written for me, and suits me exactly; each act was shown to me as it was completed, and it has a real proper plot, though I am not going to tell you about that yet."

"By-the-way, is it a farce—"

"I do hope you will say that it is not a farcical comedy, and not a burlesque," interrupted Miss Booth, somewhat vehemently. "It is neither; it is a comedy with rather strong situations, and the last two acts are dramatic. I have played in burlesque, but this is quite a different cast of piece. And please say to *The Sketch* readers that I don't intend to sing a 'Bowery' song—which, translated, means

'coster'—with chorus. 'Little Miss 'Cute' is, to my mind, too good for any such introduction. There is a Quaker duet which the leading man gives with me, and then I have a plantation song and dance."

"Your multifarious duties sit very lightly on you," I ventured.

"Yes; I don't mind it at all. You see, I am used to starring. In '93 I was the youngest starring lady in America, and here in London they say I am also the youngest; but I have been acting since I was seven."

"And that is not so remote a period, after all," I said, with a glance at the childish face and the *petite* figure.

"I am twenty-one—nearly twenty-two—and, with all my experience, I feel sometimes as if I were eighty. I told my manager to-day I had found a grey hair, but he didn't believe me."

"Have you played so many parts, then?"

"Well, I think so. I have known a time when twenty-seven different characters were compressed in a month's work, and when I have come off from a *matinée*, still in my war-paint, and said, 'Now, what are we going to play to-night?' I've been everything in turn, and I tumbled down a chimney once rather unexpectedly in the last act, just to produce a novel effect. My! I did startle the stage-manager," and Miss Booth relapsed into laughter at the remembrance.

"You haven't too much leisure at present?" I asked, for our chat was frequently interrupted by letters, messages, and inquiries.

"No; I should think not. Just look at my desk! Some of them say it's characteristic of Hope Booth," and the vivacious young lady opened a deep drawer, in which letters, envelopes, portraits, and note-paper seemed to have been hurled in truly promiscuous fashion. "I am going to have a run over to Paris, however, before we start."

"Frocks?"

"That's it. I shall have some smart ones. We open on Sept. 1, the first time I have ever commenced on a Saturday—it seems such a queer night. In America we usually begin on a Monday."

"And now for the photos?" I said at length.

"Just choose what you like; they are none good, for I really don't take well," and, indeed, not one of the pictures do justice to the little American lady's ever-changing expression.

As my hostess accompanied me to the door a sleek pussy ran across the hall. "That's my Tom," said Miss Booth, explanatorily. "I am ever so fond of him, and, indeed, of all animals. I intend to have a dog, a little King Charles spaniel. I had a rabbit once, a white one, that was handed to me over the footlights in a basket of red roses. A newspaper man spotted me with my pet in the Broadway, and after that there was lots of chaff about Hope Booth and her bunny." Having concluded her American reminiscences, which "Little Miss 'Cute'" tells with much drollery and a fine Yankee accent, Miss Booth opened the door, bidding me a cordial adieu, and, with her merry words still ringing in my ears, I made my way once more into the busy streets. L. E. B.



MISS HOPE BOOTH.

TYPES OF AUSTRIAN BEAUTY.

From Photographs by Adèle, Vienna.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

More deaths, and still in Paris. The more or less eminent sculptor, M. Caïn, having attained a little more than the scripturally-allotted years of man, died a few days ago. M. Caïn worked his career from very small beginnings; he started in life in a joiner's shop, but, his ambition prompting the effort, he succeeded in entering Rude's studio, where he quickly attracted attention. When he was about twenty-four years of age, he made his first entry into the Salon with his work "Le Loir et les Fauvettes." Within a very few years he won a third-class medal. Steadily continuing this successful course, he was made a Knight of the Legion of Honour in 1869, attaining the rank of Commander in 1882. His work has had the rare opportunity of wide publication. The Garden of the Luxembourg contains one of his chief works, "Lion à l'Autruche," and the Hôtel de Ville, the Tuileries, and other public places contain some of his works. He has left art behind him in his family, for both his sons are quite considerable painters.

One of the most useful and voluminous books on art published hitherto in English—for Germany, in such compilations, easily distances any other nation, both in length and in carefulness—will see light some time before Christmas. This is Mr. Algernon Graves's dictionary of pictures exhibited at all the London galleries. The *Athenæum* well describes the book as "worthy of a more heroic age than ours," and, indeed, it seems hard to imagine any man sufficiently serious in this frivolous age settling down to the quiet compilation of a catalogue so stupendous. A task such as this might have occupied the penitential years of a monastic life; it has a cool and refreshing sound in these hot and fervent times. We understand that the book will be a large quarto of about 400 pages.

The claims of photography to be considered as a fine art have been discussed in and out of season, and it is a sign that the subject is one of considerable interest to find that Mr. A. Horsley Hinton's work upon "The Art of Photography" has just been translated into French by M. H. Colard, and published in Paris. Mr. Hinton is certainly a plausible apologist, and, indeed, in part, persuades one to the reasonableness of his views. We quarrel with part of the very first principle upon which he bases his conclusions, but we are very ready to grant that if his first principle be admitted his conclusions must be accepted for truth.

His general assumption, then, is this: that if photography can, by adjustment and care, be made to produce artistic results, then it must be regarded as a fine art. Now, this is, of course, the assumption which the



THE YOUNG NEAPOLITAN.—OTTO BRANDT.
Exhibited at Mr. Mendoza's Gallery, King Street, St. James's.



THE HELPING HAND.—ÉMILE RENOUF.
EXHIBITED AT THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON.

scorners of photography very deeply resent. They maintain that the result of labour must be a personal result, if it is to be considered truly as art. Even coarse colour reproductions of original work have more of personal art about them than the reproductions of scenery and figures which are painted by the finger of light, and in which the hand of man has had no share. To this the upholder of artistic photography replies



THE CRITIC.—ROBERT MORLEY.

Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists.

that, although the final result is not achieved by the artist's hand, the preparation is so much a matter of personal work and personal good taste that an artistic result cannot be attained save by an artist—at any rate, an artist in design and in feeling.

There, of course, the controversy must stop. Each side having stated its first principle and drawn its conclusion, there is no further reasoning in the matter possible. It is certain, on the one hand, that "photography at random," so to speak, cannot accomplish beautiful results, and for such an end photography must be directed by an artistic judge of effect. On the other hand, an artistic judge cannot exactly be called an artist. He may be one of those

... men endowed with highest gifts,
The vision and the faculty divine,
Yet wanting the accomplishment of—
paint.

And for that very reason he must be considered as something less than an artist; but things right themselves in the matter pretty justly, for with every beauty of effect photography must necessarily come some way behind the effect of paint, and in precisely the same proportion of backwardness as the greatest photographic arranger is behind the greatest artist in paint.

Mr. Hinton's book persuades one that he, at all events, has

considerable gifts as an artistic poser of the landscape of Nature. He has not only a sense of line and arrangement, but he has also a very acute conception of prominence and subordination—qualities which, apparently, are the chief among a good photographer's equipment. The sketched results, as they appear in the little volume here published, prove this and many more interesting facts. We are not altogether convinced by Mr. Hinton's elaborate division of landscape into portions and parcels, but so long as this posthumous division is in accord with his own previous excellent results we do not feel disposed to quarrel with him.

We learn, and with some joy, that, in the course of forming, for the year 1900, what is hoped to be, after all, the greatest exhibition of modern days, the great nation of Paris has decided to abolish and utterly destroy the Eiffel Tower. According to the *Builder*, the committee, which is busy over the preparations for the exhibition, has decided that architects who compete for the privilege and profit of arranging the site and designs shall be at liberty to extinguish the dreadful disfigurement, under the ugliness of which Paris has been saddening for so long; and if an architect has to decide, there can be but small doubt about the result of his decision. There are worlds in an "if."

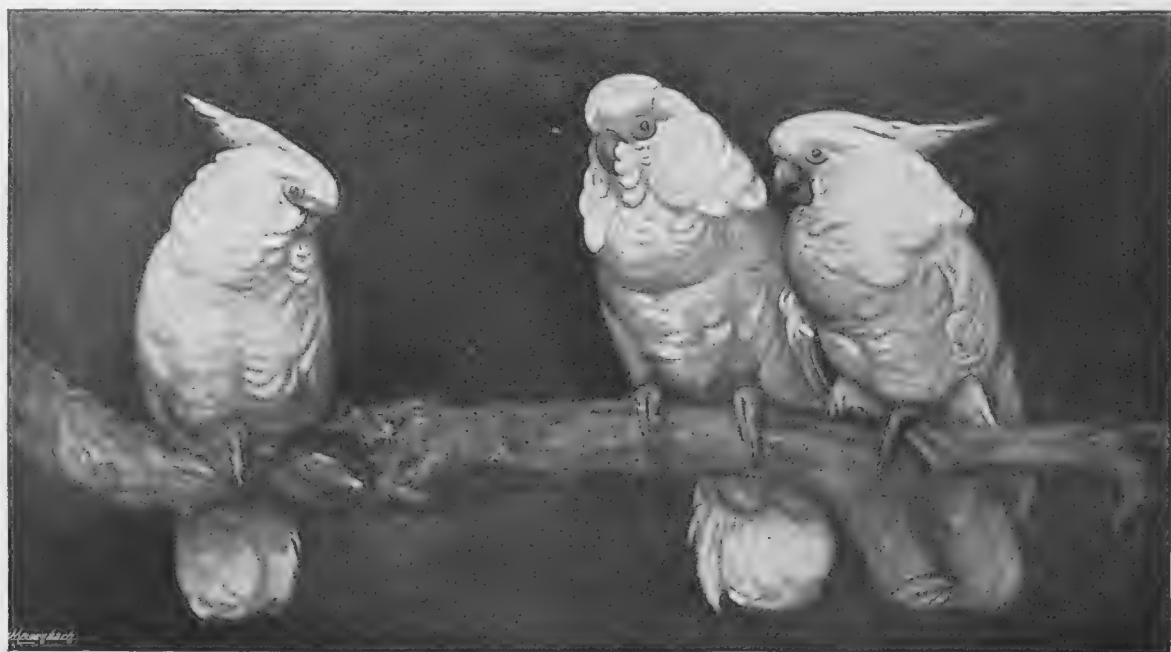
The autobiography of Mr. Stacy Marks, it is announced, is to contain a chapter on Ruskin. For some years Mr. Marks has been on what may best be called terms of sympathetic communion with Mr. Ruskin. Accordingly, he will be able to give interesting extracts from letters by the master. Two other men who will figure prominently in Mr. Marks's memories are Frederick Walker and Charles Keene. It has been whispered darkly that, besides being an artist, Mr. Marks has written verses and comic songs. As yet he has not allowed any of these a public circulation.

"Mars" has issued an amusing sketch-book of the Antwerp Exhibition at a franc. It is full of Mars' merriment and Mars' mannerism, which in some types of figures, such as those of children, are always delightful.

Lord Dudley has sold his "Death of St. Clara," by Murillo, to the Dresden Royal Picture Gallery. The price is variously stated, the highest amount mentioned being £10,000, and the lowest £3000.—An anonymous donor has presented to the Manchester School of Art a replica of the tapestry designed by Sir E. Burne-Jones, and known as "The Adoration of the Kings."

The statue of Thomas Sydenham, "the father of English medicine," unveiled at Oxford by the Marquis of Salisbury, and presented to the University by the Warden and two former Fellows of All Souls College, stands near the entrance of the Museum, between the statues of Hunter and Harvey.

Count Angelo Giallina has employed a not very accurate term in describing his water-colour drawings of the South as "A Summer in the Mediterranean." Of course, the Mediterranean is near about the spots which he has chosen for his selection: yet it requires, perhaps, a little stretch of fancy to include the Arch of Titus as "on the Mediterranean," or yet the Castle of St. Angelo, or even the Parthenon. For the most part, however, the drawings consist of scenes near Corfu, and the Mediterranean is quite sufficiently a common fact in them to justify the title in a general sort of way. It is a field that is nearly inexhaustible. And in dealing with such a subject it is impossible to refrain from a brief quotation from perhaps the most vigilant and personal observer in recent years of the sea-changes of Nature. "The tourist," writes Mrs. Meynell, "would find adjectives for the blue sea, but probably he would refuse to search for words for the white. A white Mediterranean is not in the legend. Nevertheless, it blooms, now and then, pale as an opal; the white sea is the flower of the breathless midsummer. And in its clear,



"WITH A LITTLE HOARD OF MAXIMS PREACHING DOWN A DAUGHTER'S HEART."—MRS. E. A. FRANK.

Exhibited at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

silent waters, a few days, in the culmination of the heat, bring forth translucent living creatures, many-shaped jelly-fish, coloured like mother-of-pearl." And elsewhere she speaks of the "passing from the winter blue to the summer blue, from the cold colour to the colour that has in it the fire of the sun, the kindling of the sapphire of

village streets in golden light and liquid shadows; on the sea waves the smooth flood of light has descended as an arched canopy, or just crests the tips of the waves with shafts and spears of glory. Subjects that in themselves have little sound of pretentiousness, "The Post-Office Street, Corfu," or "Fishing Boats Waiting for a Breeze," or, "Olive Grove,



RETURN OF THE FISHING BOATS, CORFU.



FISHING BOATS WAITING FOR A BREEZE, CORFU.

the Mediterranean." It is exquisite phrase such as this which touches the memory, even when it is aroused, not by the living fact, but by the "counterfeit presentment" of the artist.

To say that Count Giallina has succeeded in realising these facts in his art would, perhaps, be going too far in the way of praise. The eye of the artist has not exactly accepted the same point of view as the eye of the writer. Nevertheless, there is quite sufficient to please and interest in this hundred and more drawings of southern scenes. As is natural in dealing with such a subject, the central point of interest with Count Giallina, whatever the neighbourhood that may be influenced, is the deathless and undying sun of the South. Nothing is more difficult in the world than to give the true conception of that sun. Its light has so many varieties, its shadows are so mysterious, its colour-changes are so unlikely, unexpected, and yet beautiful, that the painter who would strive to catch it in all its moods would need a lifetime for the achievement. We are bound to say that Count Giallina has a very poetical and sympathetic attitude towards light and its multitudinous colour. The sun bathes his

Corfu," are very successful in various treatments of light and shade; while other drawings reproduced here, such as "The Mountains of Spartita," "The Town of Corfu," "On the Laguna," will be appreciated for their quiet and effective interpretation of natural facts in the light of an artistic judgment.

It would be easy to find fault here and there with this artist's work. The drawing is at times a little shaky, and the colour occasionally inclines to opaqueness. With so large a collection, too, one is apt to find the manner and the point of view grow a little monotonous. Perhaps this last fault, if fault it be, is common to most one-man collections, of whatever description they may be. It is not given to every artist to conjure with the wand of Cleopatra, and to compel the world to a confession of his infinite variety. Yet, there is this to be said of the drawings under consideration: that Count Giallina has a strong sympathy with his subject, that he knows how to express himself poetically and with refinement, and that his work is, on the whole, pleasing, delicate, and engrossing.



EXCAVATIONS IN THE AGORA, ATHENS.



THE TERRACE OF THE IMPERIAL VILLA ACHILLEION AND THE STATUE OF ACHILLES, GASTURI, CORFU.

Exhibited at Messrs. Graves's Galleries, Pall Mall.



A STUDY FROM NATURE.—M. THADÉE.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"So kind and thoughtful of you to send me this little puppy! So like you!"



SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

MILKMAID : " Ain't that the hartist what painted that picture down at the river last year, and sold it in Lunnon for a thousand pounds ? "
COWBOY : " Yuss ! but don't 'e know that pictures be out of fashion ? They only buys painted photographs now. "



AT THE GRAND HOTEL, PARIS, EIGHTH FLOOR: THE MORNING SALUTE.
DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



TRADE TECHNICALITIES.

"Oh! Mr. Addledun, I'm sure those eggs you send me can't be new-laid: they're all cobwebs inside!"

"Yes, that's our 'noo-laid' 'uns, Mum. You can't ha' used the proper term when horderin'. There's 'noo-laid'—that's the cobwebby 'uns: and there's 'noo-noo-laid'—they ain't gen'ly cobwebby, but a bit sawdusty in flavour; and there's 'double-noo-noo-laid'—they're our best, never over three months old, 'ighly recommended."

"Well, but if I want eggs quite fresh—only a day or two old?"

"Never 'eard of 'em, Mum. Can't git 'ens to lay 'em so recent as that!"



James Craig

LONDONER has asked Scotch visitor to have a parting glass, and is about to pay.

SANDY : Na', na', ye 've been payin' for a' thing a' the fortnicht. We 'll toss for this drink."

SOME THEATRICAL RECOLLECTIONS.—I.

BY EMILY SOLDENE.

[Emily Soldene! What memories the name conjures up for any playgoer who has passed his first youth! He must not have left his first youth too far behind him, or the fair Emily's name will not recall his very first impressions; but if he be, say forty years old, and saw "Geneviève de Brabant" two-and-twenty years ago, with the stalwart Soldene as Drogan, he is unworthy of the name of British playgoer if the mention of her name does not set him humming the catchy airs of Offenbach, and recalling the dashing Emily, the quaint *gendarmes*, and the astounding high-kicker, Mdlle. Sara. Miss Soldene was originally a "serio" in the halls, under the name, if I remember rightly, of Miss Fitzhenry; and, if I may again trust my memory, one of her great songs was "Launch the Life-boat!" When the influence of Offenbach set us all crazy over *opéra bouffe*, Miss Soldene left the halls and made a great success in comic opera at the Philharmonic, which was converted from a music-hall into a theatre. Here her greatest hit was made in "Geneviève de Brabant," a curiously bowdlerised version of the French original, which was produced in November, 1871, and ran for a phenomenal length of time. After that Miss Soldene made her name known in many operatic characters over much of the civilised world, gaining special laurels during a famous visit to America in 1875. Miss Soldene always acted with vigour and liveliness; her voice, which was of excellent quality, was well trained, and her personal appearance was massive and magnificent. She is now engaged in journalistic work in Sydney, from which she has sent the following interesting recollections.—R. W. L.]

Under the shadow of the Southern Cross, 13,000 miles from that bright little, tight little island, the remembrance of which produces a lump in the throat, and spoils one's favourite effect when singing "Home, Sweet Home"—in this land,



Photo by Bradley and Rulofson, San Francisco.

MISS SOLDENE.

within whose vast and illimitable gates stands, with wide-open, welcoming arms, the young and lovely and laughing and robust figure of a great and mighty future, this land of silent and immeasurable and undiscovered mysteries and treasures, of wingless birds and walking fishes, of giant and feathery and fluttering ferns, of huge fruits and wonderful flowers, of everlasting light and warmth and sunshine; a land whose prodigal and riotous profusion brings forth the red and shining gold, and the gleaming, glittering gems; a land where Nature soothes, and you dream dreams, fairy dreams, and realise them, too, sometimes—well, in

this far-off land "I shut my eyes," as the Baillie in "Les Cloches de Corneville" observes, and try to call up recollections of the London stage. What a formidable undertaking! To creep back over the years that are past with soft and furtive footstep, lest the awakened and misty thoughts flee from you, fade away, and disappear—back into the tiny and hidden chambers of the brain, to try and open the jewelled caskets of the memory—back—'way back—back to the days when Plancus was Consul, when we were all young—back to the first days of that gilded, tinselled glory, the *opéra-bouffe* stage. Such a long time ago! When was it? In '68 or '69—something like that. I think first impressions—at least, it is so with me—are always vivid. For instance, I recollect distinctly my first visit to the Lyceum. It was during the reign of the brothers Mansell, the time of Hervé and "Chilpéric." I had been, or was about to be, engaged to sing Marguerite in "Le Petit Faust," and went to the theatre to see the show, and a very fetching kind of a show it was. I got in during the second act, and the ballet was on, and exceedingly nice the ballet looked, in graceful and classical and rather diaphanous draperies, but perfectly proper—the sort of thing one might take one's mother, or, in fact, one's mother-in-law, to see. They were indulging in a wavy, dreamy, mystical movement, when suddenly "Bing, bang, boom!" on the drum and cymbals, and to everybody's astonishment four-and-twenty legs shot out on the O.P. side as far as possible, and as undressed as possible, and before we had recovered from this severe shock four-and-twenty other legs shot out on the P. side, just as far and quite as nude. The dresses were deceptive, and slit up to the waist. But if the ballet was fetching, what about the pages? Such pages, such figures, long and straight in the limbs, and soft and supple, and—well, simply lovely. And their costumes! It did not take you long to see them, and one realised that, with obvious advantage, brevity could be applied to more things than wit. They were a bunch of graduated Venuses, from the adorable five-feet-ten Lardy Wilson, in the centre, to the piquant and pert four-feet-nothing, not much more, Jennie Lee ("Jo") at the corner. They looked very natty, for those were bustling days, and everybody's trunks had to stand out then like everybody's sleeves do now, and the exact and particular effect could only be arrived at by utilising a newspaper. And so every girl regarded her *Daily Telegraph*, not only as a source of information, but as

a necessary and not-to-be-done-without adjunct to her nightly and personal charms, and, having got through her own favourite column, she made no more to do, but tucked the "largest circulation" into the most conspicuous part of her costume, and "went on," rustling and rattling and pluming and preening herself like the proud young bird of Paradise she was.

There was a particularly beautiful girl there, a Miss Love—she was a great swimmer—and she had a particularly beautiful mother, who used to be behind the scenes very frequently. I don't know whether she was a swimmer too, but if she was—judging from her usual elegant appearance—she kept above water all the time. Then there were the beauteous Egertons—lovely—and a lot of them. All the girls were fair and good—Good? Why, of course—I wish you would not interrupt. I was about to say, Good gracious! wore such a lot of hair! In those days, no matter how bountiful Nature had been, if you possessed any proper pride in your profession, you had to troop round to Clarkson's and buy a bunch of curls at least a yard long. Mr. Clarkson, sen., was alive then—short-winded and puffy, and rather gruff and Hogarthian in manner and appearance; but it was all and only appearance, for his voice was soft and his disposition delightful. He used to go about with a little pony dragging him in a little cart or chaise, which was so small that you feared with every jolt he would fall off—not out—for he never seemed to be quite in. And Mrs. Clarkson—such a pretty woman!—a blonde, with a limited *embonpoint*, and a lovely skin, and they had a pretty, curly-headed boy. They say good-looking babies grow up plain, but when one regards Mr. Clarkson, jun., one realises that the saying is an old-fashioned fallacy. What a cast it was for "Chilpéric"! Hervé in the title-part—such an elegant, charming artist, such gaiety, such grace, such perfection of style, such expressive hands—they were, if possible more expressive than his face—not much voice, but what wonders he did with it! And then his delightfully broken English—not too broken, just broken enough—and the charming way he carried off *Fredegonde* and promised to love her for ever and ever in the first act, and didn't love her at all in the second, but danced the *cancan* and chaffed and aggravated her till she had hysterics and threw her shoe at him—not a nasty, awkward sandal, as befitted the period, but a delicious Parisian pink satin one, No. 2½, with a Louis Quatorze heel. No wonder the women went down in regiments before this redoubtable foreign fascinator—at least, that's what they used to say. It was even whispered that the charwoman, aged sixty-seven, was not entirely unaffected by his magnetic influence—I, of course, have no personal knowledge of such things. There was a good deal of French spoken in the theatre, and this gave a *cachet* and an elegance and distinction to any little eccentricities of expression that might—in fact, that did—occasionally intrude themselves into the green-room *conversations*. The late Mr. H. B. Farnie was very constant in his attendance, and was generally to be found in one of the upper entrances exceedingly engaged with the chorus—the feminine chorus. He never allowed anything in the way of a deputy, or anything at all, if he could possibly help it, to come between him and the chorus. He had a very keen feeling for the beautiful, and more especially affected the Burne-Jones style of beauty, but he was not bigoted. Indeed, I may mention, as showing the broad and catholic view he took of these æsthetic differences, that the best-looking girls in the theatre, even if they were a little plump, were never allowed to appeal to him in vain. As a rule, their intelligence was not on a par with their physical perfections, but this did not affect the benevolence of his intentions, and he would call a rehearsal at any extraordinary hour, and, if the girls were very good-looking indeed, would stop with them any length of time; but his consideration did not extend to ordering any refreshments—that's where he drew the line. Of course, this sort of thing was a great tax on his time and patience, and sometimes he would be assisted in the work by the late Mr. Dion Boucicault, who came to the theatre pretty frequently, and was understood to take a good deal of paternal interest in the young ladies' progress—of course, purely from an art point of view. But Farnie must have had a real regard for Mr. Boucicault, and would not allow him to be worried with the woes of the chorus, for no sooner did the girls surround this charming author-actor and most interesting man of his day than Farnie would clap his hands together violently and cry out, "Now, girls, to your places! You'll get your cue in a moment, and, mind, I'll fine everyone that's late. Do you hear?" And they did hear—and fled.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE.

When the average Englishman wanders abroad he is bound to suffer a certain amount of discomfort. The French or German upon which he prides himself may fail him in his hour of need, or at best may fail to make his more minute wishes properly understood. Being naturally sensitive, the thought that he is making an exhibition of himself is exceedingly mortifying, and leads him to regard all foreigners with an angry suspicion. But, in spite of these troubles, he may sometimes be able to enjoy his revenge by coming across an example of particularly uncouth English. Such, for instance, is the following advertisement from a German paper in a town more than a thousand miles from the Metropolis. Here it is in all its native glory—a splendid example of English as she is spoke, or, rather, written—

Young Italian of good family coming from England wishes to make the acquaintance of a young pretty English lady for having the chance of English correspondence and conversation. Please send letters and Photography to B. S. 151, this paper.

"CHARACTER" PHOTOGRAPHY—A CHAT WITH MR. HANA.



"MERRY LITTLE MAIDS ARE WE."

Somewhat breathlessly, for the way was long and the steps steep and circuitous, I made my entry into the studio of Mr. Hana, the American photographer, one hot afternoon, and from its lofty altitude was able to look down upon the steady stream of humanity walking and driving in Regent Street below.

"I must apologise for bringing you up such a long way," said

Mr. Hana, in pronounced American accents; "but we have a special light in this particular studio, which I don't think could be beaten in all London. Our reception-room underneath is far too small; we are very much pressed for space, but this studio is exactly what we want. Our works are out at Watford."

"And how long have you been located in our Metropolis?"



ALABAMA COONS.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

"We opened here—the 'we' stand for partner and self—in January last, coming straightway from Chicago."

"We did the same class of work out there," put in Mrs. Hana.

"Theatrical celebrities?" I inquired.

"Well, we only take professionals," answered Mr. Hana; "and, so far, in London we have done an immense number of music-hall artists. We don't invite beauties and notabilities to come and have a free sitting. Ours is purely a commercial enterprise, and, with the exception of just a very few people, whom we took the first two months to make ourselves known here, all our clients pay us for their pictures, and we take them in pretty large quantities, from a few hundreds to even thousands of popular favourites."

"And how does your photography differ from that of others?"

"I make a special study of character. No accessories, no background. Supposing I am taking an actress, I say to her, 'Just take up your position as you do on the stage when you are singing such and such a verse,' and then, the minute I see she has caught the pose, I take her. Sometimes, of course, it requires a long while to catch the exact moment, but often I have finished with my subject in five minutes, for I find that the longer they are in settling into position the less satisfactory the picture."

"You don't arrange or drape them to any extent?"

"Not at all. I may make a trifling alteration if I notice anything is not quite right, but, as far as possible, I like the artist to express his or her own individuality, and the secret is to take them just at the moment when they are revealing themselves."

"These dancers doing a high kick must surely have been taken quite instantaneously?"

"I should rather think so. Such a pose," showing a young lady executing a kick at an angle of 45 degrees, "can only be maintained a small fraction of a second. You see, there is plenty of room for a dancer to stand here in the studio, and I just let them whirl about till they feel quite natural, as if they were going through the dance; then I focus them quickly, and it is done without head-rests, propping, or any such adventitious aid to hold them in position."

"Do you generally see your subjects at the theatre or hall going through their part before deciding how to take them?"

"Nearly always. Now, in the case of the 'Gaiety Girl,' I had been to the theatre, and made up my mind as far as possible before any of the young ladies came to my studio."

"Which do you find make the better sitters, ladies or gentlemen?"

"That's quite impossible to answer," replied Mr. Hana, with a shrug of his shoulders. "The more individuality the sitter has, the better the picture will be. I like taking people who have some specialty, and music-hall artists are capital subjects—they have so much character."

"May I ask the names of some of your clients here?"

"Well, as you see, we have done the entire 'Gaiety Girl' company for Mr. George Edwardes, Miss Hope Booth, little Ruby, the dancer, who has since gone back to America, Ada Blanche, Nellie Navette, Bessie Wentworth, Gus Elen, and a host more. Mr. H. V. Esmond, of the St. James's, and Mr. Henry Neville are among the actors we have lately taken. The Tiller Rainbow group and the little Forget-Me-Nots we think very successful."

As I made my way down the stairs with a parcel of photographs under my arm, I stumbled over a small white-and-brown puppy, who promptly snatched up my glove and proceeded to worry it. "That's Chicken," explained Mrs. Hana; "he is a studio property, and a very important little doggie, as many of our sitters are taken with him, especially children;" and then, having recovered my property from the pup, I left the clever American couple to photograph a rising star, who was patiently waiting for me to take my departure.

L. E. B.

THE POETS IN BOOKLAND.

A LIBRARY PET.

I have among the treasures in my library a thing
I wouldn't swap for any crown that's worn by any king.
'Tis not a book or manuscript, 'tis no engraving rare,
But just a little bookworm that is lovely past compare.

It lies upon my desk at night when I perchance do read,
Ecstatic grows when I rehearse aloud some daring deed,
For 'tis an educated worm, this little pet of mine,
And helps me keep my book-shelves full of volumes truly fine.

It has such literary tastes, from verse to pure romance,
Before I put books on my shelves I give the worm a chance;
And if it turns away its head I do not keep the book,
But if it curls up with delight the volume finds a nook.

And, oh, the games of hide-and-seek that worm and I do play!
Among some seven thousand tomes it hides itself away.
And then I search among them for my darling pet awhile,
And when 'tis found it greets me with a fascinating smile.

And every night when I retire I give the worm a meal.
On "Fifty Soups" I feed it, then a bit of Lamb 'twill steal;
And when it's eaten heartily it sits up very pert,
And asks me for a Grolier book or Aldus for dessert.

And best of all the compliments the world has paid to me
Has come one from my pet bookworm, as all who read may see.
For it will give up Balzac, Dickens, Thackeray, in fine,
The best works there are in the world, to munch away at mine.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS, in *Harper's Bazaar*.

The Cab Strike of some time ago seems to have demoralised the hansom industry in many respects. The horses began it. Fresh from their long, enforced rest, they shied and started and bolted, and declined to stand still, and objected to go up or down hill, and generally behaved as if they, too, were members of the Union, and were to be arbitrated for by a deserving Home Secretary. Like a well-known allegorical personification, they "waxed fat and kicked." And the drivers were not exempt from the demoralisation. The "fair-priced" cabman—a phrase explained by some to mean a cabman who charged the price of his vehicle instead of the fare—had grown haughty, and accustomed to ignore all appeals unless the intending traveller was going on a five-shilling ride towards the driver's home or favourite public-house. The habit is not easily lost, and to this day I have almost to plant myself in the path of a hansom before I can convince the driver that I want to take his cab; otherwise, he moons along the road, looking neither to right nor to left, and listening to nothing less than a steam siren.

And the cabman now seems to have forgotten what little he knew of the topography of London. I have taken a room in a small street, unfrequented itself, but close to busy thoroughfares, and I have to give an elaborate demonstration of its whereabouts before I start to drive thither. This was natural in strike times, when a number of inexperienced men from other towns were imported. One of these, being given an address known to all men as being in the far north of London, cheerfully rattled down the Strand, making, as he explained, for Westminster Bridge. But the regular men seem more densely stupid than before—except in watching for the opportunity of over-charging. One night, on account of some repairs, the table of fares was taken down from the wall of a railway station, and on that night the cabmen with one accord demanded sixpence above their fare to that station.

I know not whether cab accidents are more frequent, but it seems they ought to be. Never did hansoms cross tram-lines at a more acute angle, or with more slewing; never were horses less confident in descending a slope. Vehicles seem to take the wrong side of the road by preference, and constantly do the chariots meet hub to hub and reel back. Not long ago a distinguished "pro-consul" was flung out of his cab, though some wicked jesters hint that this disaster was due to the horse incautiously looking round to see who was in the vehicle. As Kipling remarks, "Horses used to shy when Barr-Saggott smiled."

Have pedestrians also become demoralised by the Cab Strike, and do they need to be decimated by accident before they will avoid the hansom in time? Since that day I have come very near to running over many people. Men will loiter across in front of the horse's head, and women run wildly in front of the swift chariot. It is a woman's instinct to bolt blindly across the traffic in front of anything that is coming: it is also the habit of hens. In many ways women are greatly like hens—good women, at least. Bad women are more like cats, and do occasionally muster up sense enough to wait till there is room to get across a street comfortably. Cats do not hurry themselves unnecessarily; and, really, bad women have the selfish, deliberate saunter of the cat to perfection.

Good women are generally like the hen—valuable, conscientious, but fussy; laying eggs, but cackling confoundedly over the achievement. They must needs hurry across a street in the teeth of the traffic, because there is a Dorcas meeting or a temperance gathering on the other side, and the world will get off its bearings if they are not on or about the platform. And therefore they plunge under horses' heads, and sometimes get run over, which is sad, and sometimes escape, which is sadder still. But it is all in the cause of "Progress." Even so, driving along a country road, have I often seen a hen, placidly picking over a rubbish heap on one side of the way, suddenly look up, and rush cackling across almost under the horses' hoofs to an entirely barren ditch or wall on the other side. Then, having scared the horses and been very nearly run over, she would stalk back with an air of glory, convinced that she had contributed largely to the advance of civilisation and morality.

I could not help being reminded of this trait of gallinaceous and feminine character on reading lately that a distinguished English lady temperance advocate had sailed to America, doubtless to preach to the States as her gifted American friend preached to the British, and with, probably, as much result. Lady Henry Somerset has a name of magnificent sound, but the first three syllables of it are to me the most significant.

MARMITON.

THE ANTWERP EXHIBITION.

Scarcely any Continental town of importance is so easy for the English traveller to reach as Antwerp, and the Exhibition there, if on a smaller scale than some of its predecessors on the Continent, is likely to receive as much attention by reason of its being within call. The recent visit of the Lord Mayor of London to the Exhibition may also

and Belgian hosts. After a return visit by Belgian Volunteers to this country, Sir James Clarke Lawrence, Lord Mayor in 1869, proceeded to the Belgian capital, as did Sir Francis Truscott, Lord Mayor in 1880, and the late Sir Robert Fowler, Lord Mayor in 1885. The last-mentioned occasion was a memorable one, for it was to present an address of gratitude and congratulation to King Leopold on his efforts to stamp out slavery in the Congo State and other parts of Africa, and the deputation not only included the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs,



THE CASTLE LINE EXHIBIT AT ANTWERP.

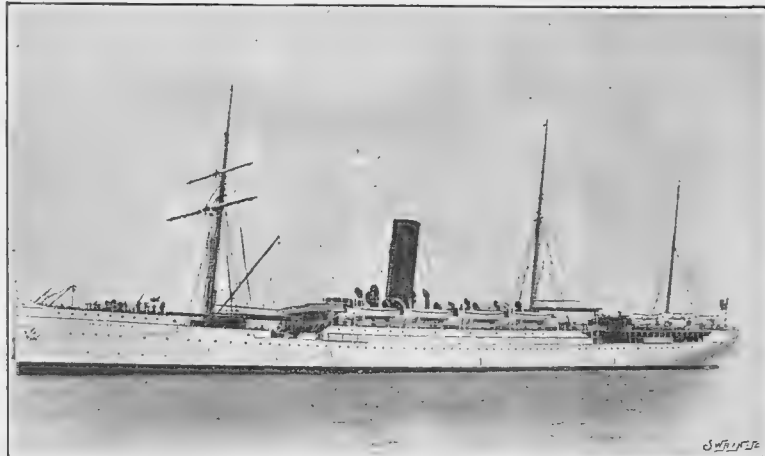


Photo by Latter, Southampton.

THE TANTALLON CASTLE.

secure for it some popularity in this country. The courtesy of Mr. ex-Sheriff Walter H. Harris enables us to reproduce a photograph of the civic group, showing the Burgomaster of Antwerp and Madame Van Ryswyck, Mr. Hertogs, Director-General of the Antwerp Exhibition, Mr. Lydcotte, the British Vice-Consul, and others, which was taken in the Exhibition grounds. This, though the most successful, is but the latest of a series of visits which in recent years the Lord Mayors of London have paid to "*les braves Belges*." The first was made by the late Sir Benjamin Phillips, Lord Mayor, in October, 1866, who accompanied Colonel Loyd Lindsay, V.C. (now Lord Wantage), and 1100 British Volunteers in the second year of the reign of the present King. The enthusiasm of their stay is still remembered by both English visitors

but the Recorder, the Town Clerk, and the mover and seconder of the address to his Majesty. The King of the Belgians received them with the greatest cordiality, and decorated the whole party with the Royal Order of Leopold. In 1888 Sir Polydore de Keyser, a Belgian by birth, was Lord Mayor, and during his year of office visited Termonde, his native place, and Brussels, and, naturally, was made much of by his fellow-countrymen, who were delighted at seeing a compatriot filling the highest municipal office in the world. Curiously enough, Sir Polydore's host at Termonde was M. Léon de Bruyn, then Burgomaster of that town, who now fills the distinguished office of Minister of Agriculture, Industry, and Public Works in the Belgian Cabinet, and who, in the latter capacity, received Lord Mayor Tyler in Brussels with



THE VISIT OF THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON TO ANTWERP.

characteristic amiability and courtesy. A still more recent visit was made in 1890, when Lord Mayor Isaacs took part in the unveiling of the memorial in Brussels to the British soldiers who fell at Waterloo. But the latest—it would be incorrect to describe it as the last, for many may follow—state journey to Belgium was infinitely the most enthusiastic of all. The Lord Mayor (who was accompanied by the Lady Mayoress), the two junior Aldermen of London (Messrs. Treloar and Bell), and Mr. ex-Sheriff Harris, were extremely fortunate in their hosts. M. Jan van Ryswyck, the Burgomaster, was not only the incarnation and embodiment of genial cordiality, but had the advantage of being able to welcome his guests in their own tongue, which he speaks with enviable fluency and precision. The British Minister in Belgium, the Hon. Sir Francis Plunkett, G.C.M.G., showed the civic deputation the greatest courtesy, and placed every facility in their way, and was most assiduous in his attentions to the Chief Magistrate and his colleagues. The reception of the party by the King of the Belgians at the Royal Palace, after M. De Bruyn's splendid entertainment, will long be remembered for his Majesty's gracious hospitality to the whole of the English visitors. King Leopold's memory for faces seems as remarkable as that of the British Royal Family, as his Majesty singled out those of the officials whom he had seen on previous visits. The Burgomaster of Brussels, M. Buis, was subsequently the host of the Lord Mayor and his colleagues. It is but just to add that Mr. Walter H. Harris, ex-Sheriff, a member of the British Committee, and Mr. Soulsby, the Lord Mayor's secretary, have been congratulated on the excellence of all the arrangements made for this latest sojourn of the Chief Magistrate and Aldermen of London among the kindly and cheery Belgian people.

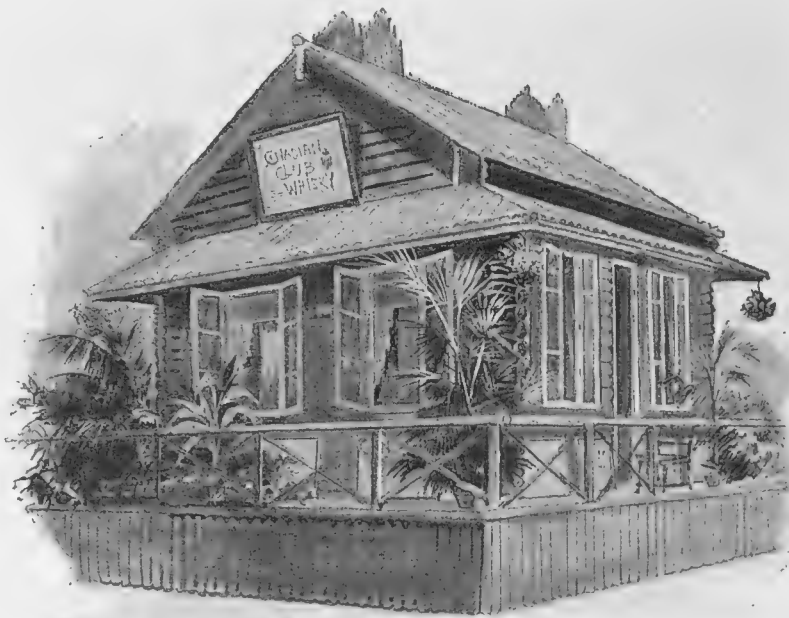
The King of the Belgians is making quite a hobby of the Exhibition. On a recent visit to the western quarter, where the Military Section is situated, he had to pass the English exhibits, and his attention was attracted to the manufacture of toilet articles shown there by a Birmingham firm whose name is prominently connected with hair-curlers and hair-brushes. An old lady, who boasts the proud distinction of having been in the employ of this firm for upwards of half a century, was here employed inserting the bristles in the body of a hair-brush. The King watched the operation for a few moments, his august interest causing considerable perturbation to the elderly operative. He then addressed the natural query of, "How long does it take to make a brush?" The distressed brush-filler, who is a little deaf at all times, was even more so on this occasion, and concluded that the usual inquiry as to the duration of her personal connection with the firm was the subject of interest, and, rising in her seat with a curtsy, replied, "Upwards of fifty years, your Majesty."

Speaking of the King, it may be noticed that the North Typewriting Company show a machine that has been specially made for him. The North typewriter has been recognised as the official machine of the Exhibition by the Executive Committee, and is also in use in the offices of the British Consul-General, Mr. De Courcy Perry.

On the occasion of the opening of the Exhibition, the King and Queen showed much interest in the fac-simile reproduction, by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, of Lord Salisbury's banquet hall. Modellers and artists took plaster casts and sketches to scale of all the important details of the richly-carved woodwork, modelled plaster work, &c., and for nearly nine months the best carvers and cabinet-makers of the firm were almost exclusively engaged in executing the work from these models. A more thorough and conscientiously faithful reproduction could not have been made.

Wilson and Gill, manufacturing goldsmiths and silversmiths, of

134, Regent Street, occupy a leading position in the British Section. The specimens on view are novel and artistic examples of the goldsmiths' and silversmiths' art. Among the more conspicuous novelties may be noticed a complete afternoon tea equipment, executed in primrose-yellow porcelain, every piece of which is mounted on an openwork setting of filagree silver. As the china articles can be readily lifted out of their settings, which, however, fit them accurately, it seems obvious that the fundamental idea of this tasteful combination has been borrowed from



THE CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY EXHIBIT AT THE EXHIBITION.

the Turkish custom of serving coffee in precious cups set in filagree stands, with the double object of protecting the delicate porcelain from injury and the consumer's fingers from being hurt by contact with a scalding hot cup, utterly forlorn of a handle.

At Stand 31, in the British Section, is one of the most interesting shows in the Exhibition. Here Messrs. Hiram Walker and Sons, the celebrated distillers of Walkerville, Ontario, Canada, and who have commodious offices in Mark Lane, London (as well as at New York and Chicago), have erected a Canadian log shanty, where the famous "Canadian Club" whisky is on show. This whisky is unique; it is delicious to the palate, soft and delicate, and has a very fragrant bouquet. "Canadian Club" is guaranteed as being absolutely pure, and that by one of the best guarantees that could possibly be obtained, by an official certificate placed by the Excise Department of the Canadian Government over the capsule of every bottle sent out from the distillery, thereby guaranteeing both the genuineness and age of the spirit.

The Patent Borax Company's stand is fitted up with old-gold quilted satin, artistically draped with blue satin and old-gold cords and tassels, and reminds one more of a lady's boudoir than an exhibition stand.

The company occupy two acres of land at Ladywood, Birmingham; they have a private canal, dock, and wharf, and 400 packers. The output of penny packets alone was over 6,000,000 last year. The trade in all departments is ever on the increase.

Messrs. Howard and Sons, of Berners Street, show a dining-room with a large walnut sideboard let into a recess. The walls are decorated with English-made embossed leather and English chestnut panelling, and the floor is made of the firm's patent parquet. Various specimens are shown of cabinet work, two very fine samples of hand-woven carpets, a large variety of wall-papers, including the new decorations, "Dentelles Murales," and English-made silks and textile fabrics of various sorts for furniture and draperies.

The blacking of Messrs. Day and Martin, world-famed as it is, is on show, together with the newer russet-cream for brown boots. It is said to be preferred by the boys of the Shoeblack Brigade, some of whom polish as many as twenty-two pairs of brown boots in a day.

Among other exhibits are Johannis water, Price's candles, Liebig's preparations, and Lanoline.



THE EXHIBIT OF MESSRS. WILSON AND GILL, REGENT STREET.

HOWARD'S

WELL SEASONED OAK.

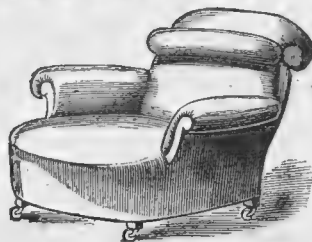
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EVERY COMFORT AND LUXURY.

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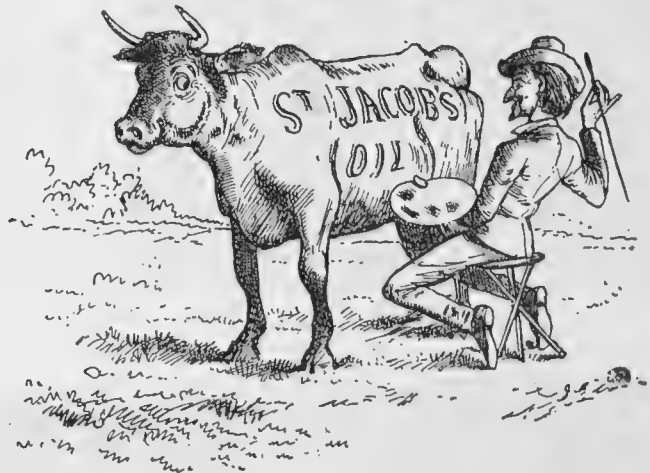
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THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

How sad to think that summer and cricket are all but over! Of summer we have had but little, while our cricket, carried on at all times under difficulties, has been mixed with snow, hail, water, and other liquids. Last season, thank goodness, we were able to take our cricket neat. Out of the hard, fast grounds sprang readily enough large crops of century scores, and runs, generally speaking, were as plentiful as the proverbial blackberries. Last season two cricketers, A. E. Stoddart and Gunn, scored over 2000 runs each. This year I doubt whether any batsman will finish up with 1500 as a grand aggregate. Generally speaking, it has been a bowler's season. Fast bowlers especially have been fairly in

and Yorkshire match during Canterbury week, and I believe I am perfectly safe in saying that the Yorkshiremen won the match more by virtue of their exceptional fielding than because of any decided superiority in batting or bowling. What a pity we cannot publish fielding averages! Each week the sporting papers come out with a great array of figures showing what this man has done in batting and bowling. After all, batting and bowling are but, say, two-thirds of the game, and very probably in the majority of instances matches are decided by some trivial, or apparently trivial, incident, such as the taking or missing of a difficult catch, the stopping of boundary hits, the smart gathering of the ball and prompt return which gets a batsman run out, the snap at the

T. M. Farmiloe.

S. S. Pawling.

J. G. Q. Besch (Hon. Sec.).

F. R. Spofforth.

F. W. Andrew.

Walker (Umpire).



W. S. Hale.

G. Macgregor.
W. E. Holdship.

A. E. Stoddart.

H. B. Hayman.
W. R. Moon.

Dr. G. Thornton.

THE HAMPSTEAD CRICKET TEAM.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR MAWES, HAMPSTEAD.

their element. Up to date, J. T. Hearne has captured most wickets; but Richardson and Mold, who are not far behind, have a better average than the Middlesex man.

The championship race is almost at an end. Not for years have we seen anything so exciting as the neck-and-neck struggle of Surrey and Yorkshire. At one time Surrey were able to lead the champions by a couple of points, but the Londoners had a severe set back when they were beaten by Middlesex and Kent. Still, they have never been laggards in the race. They have always been there or thereabouts, as the saying goes. Some good judges are of opinion that the Surrey team were never stronger than they are this year. I am not disposed to disagree with them, although the moral influence of a great personality, not to speak of a great player, like Lohmann in the team would, doubtless, make a lot of difference. One or twice this season the Londoners have been guilty of what a writer has euphemistically called a "nervous breakdown." A few seasons ago the phrase "Surrey's luck" had passed into a byword, but latterly they have not had all their sorrows to seek. Luck, like the wind, sometimes veers round, and then one's neighbours get a share of the good things Providence dispenses.

Although Yorkshire won the championship last season, their fielding then was not what the fielding of a champion county should be. This year, however, it has been above reproach. I was a witness of the Kent

back of the wicket, the clever stumping when a batsman has just bent over to play a forward ball. If fielders could only realise these things, how much keener would many of our matches be! I have seen all the counties this season more than once, and so far as fielding is concerned I unhesitatingly award the palm to Yorkshire, with Notts a good second.

The Hampstead Cricket Club, who defeated the Gentlemen of Holland the other day, have long been looked upon as a nursery for the Middlesex Club. It was as a member of the Hampstead Club that Mr. A. E. Stoddart became known to fame. Of the eleven who defeated the Dutch cricketers three have played for Middlesex. These are Dr. G. Thornton, Messrs. W. S. Hale and S. S. Pawling. The team also included Mr. F. R. Spofforth, the famous bowler, who, after settling down in this country, played a short time for Derbyshire, but now confines his cricket to the Hampstead Club.

I am sorry that F. S. Jackson has definitely decided not to accompany Mr. A. E. Stoddart and his team to Australia. Mr. Jackson has had a wonderful run of luck in the few matches he has played against the Australians. At Lord's last year he got into the nineties, and in the return match he scored over a hundred against the Cornstalks. Except Mr. Stoddart himself, we have no more brilliant exponent of amateur batting than the old Cambridge captain and Yorkshireman. I am pleased that Stoddart has seen his way to ask Brockwell to form one of

the team, and, as there are still one or two vacancies, he might do worse than invite Gunn, Abel, and Brown, all of whom, I believe, are willing to go. Not only is Brown one of the best batsmen of the year, but on present form he is incomparably the best point in England. With the team already at his command and the three batsmen I have just mentioned, Mr. Stoddart's would, I believe, be the strongest combination that ever visited Australia.

The last first-class match of the season at Lord's will begin to-morrow, when Middlesex and Kent oppose each other. These two counties possess nearly all that is best and brightest in amateurism. As a rule, Middlesex plays eight amateurs and three professionals, while Kent generally plays one professional more. So far as batting is concerned, the amateurs bear the brunt of the work, and nowhere do we see more attractive cricket. Middlesex have now made themselves certain of third place in the championship list; but their position will look considerably better if, as I anticipate, they beat their Kentish rivals in this match.

Surrey play their last championship match against Sussex at Brighton to-morrow, and Yorks also wind up their first-class season by meeting Somerset at Taunton. There should be no doubt at all, even allowing for the glorious uncertainty of cricket, about the visiting team in each instance being returned the winner. Lancashire bring their season to a close with a match against Notts at Manchester to-morrow.—OLYMPIAN.

A VOLUNTEER TROPHY.

A shield has been presented to the 3rd Middlesex by Mr. Richard Clay, in memory of his father, the late Lieutenant-Colonel Clay. It is competed for by the various detachments of the regiment for general service efficiency. The fact that the regiment recently celebrated its centenary



gave the designers, Messrs. Elkington, a good idea. The two medallions at the top represent Volunteers of the years 1794 and 1894 respectively. The three medallions at the bottom illustrate the chief points in deciding the competition—namely, shooting, drill, and equipment. The figure in the centre medallion is a portrait of Lieutenant-Colonel Clay, in the uniform of a Field Officer.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The acceptances for the Autumn Handicaps will be published, as usual, on the St. Leger day, so the weights will be issued a week previously. For the Cesarewitch the bookmakers will not even now make an offer against Filepa, who is trained by William Goater at Michel Grove. Filepa has, it is said, been tried to be 14lb. better than Encounter, which is good enough to win the Cesarewitch with anything approaching a reasonable weight. At the same time, backers may not get a run for their money if the stable commission cannot be worked to advantage.

Several of our trainers are large farmers, and they have nothing to pay for hay and corn. Tom Cannon farms on a large scale, so does William Goater and T. Jennings, jun. The judge to the Jockey Club, Mr. Robinson, was a successful agriculturist for years, but he retired from the pursuit when his lease ran out recently. Of the trainers, A. Day was at one time a medical student, G. Dawson acted as a brewer's clerk, and Craddock was a wine and spirit merchant.

At many race meetings the postal arrangements are good, notably at Sandown, Hurst Park, and Goodwood, where pillar-boxes are to be found; but there is no accommodation made for persons wishing to write letters, and I think her Majesty's Postmaster-General might easily

arrange to have stamps and cards sold on the course by the telegraph staff. Many people would then go racing who now have to stop at home to write business letters.

Bradford, who, I venture to predict, will head the list of winning jockeys in 1895, is not likely to be spoiled, as his father is always with him, and it is a treat to see the two riding in a third-class carriage, while some of the flash jockeys affect a Pullman. One thing in Bradford's riding that will always recommend him is his resolute finish. He never takes any risk when nearing the winning-post, and, therefore, is never caught napping. He is a good-tempered lad, and is bound to reach the top of the tree presently.

A jockey who has ridden well confessed to me the other day that he was unable to write a letter, his excuse being that he never took to schooling as he did to riding. Another case of ignorance was brought to my notice a few years back, when an apprentice, who is a cousin of one of our leading jockeys, wanted me to get him a place. He put forward as a good point in his character that he could neither read nor write, "therefore could not send away the stable secrets."

The bookmakers have been hit hard once or twice during the past month by horses winning that on form had no earthly chance, and yet they were backed for thousands. The question arises, How was it done? Was it like what happened in a big race many years ago, when the owner of the horse that won bought the dangerous jockeys except one that he knew was not to be had that way? But the owner got over the difficulty by playing up to this particular jockey's weakness. He made him drunk, and, strange to say, the inebriated rider was on the second horse, which was only just beaten.

The plums connected with racing are in too few hands, and I think the time has arrived when one man should not be allowed to hold more than two offices. We often see the same person acting as judge, handicapper, clerk of the scales, and clerk of the course. Now, if a person can perform all these duties single-handed at one meeting, why not at another? I think the judge might be allowed as clerk of the scales, but not as handicapper; while the clerk of the course could also be the handicapper, but not clerk of the scales.

A bookmaker has been attempting to answer some of the arguments used by the Anti-Gambling League, and his pamphlet is given away at many of the leading race meetings; but the great question that has to be decided is whether betting in Tattersall's ring is legal. One of our greatest lawyers has, I believe, hinted that it is illegal, but it is next to impossible to prove it to be so, which seems to me to show that trying to find winners is easier than endeavouring to master Acts of Parliament.

The Duke of Marlborough will, I believe, have a few racers running next year, and it is more than probable that his Grace will be seen in the saddle during the winter in steeplechases. The Duke is a daring rider. He is a very useful man at polo, and has had plenty of good hard work with hounds.

The lady-owners of racehorses are meeting with very little luck this year. The Duchess of Montrose has won a few races, and she has a good horse in None the Wiser, but the "All scarlet" is not to the fore out of its turn. Mrs. Langtry has had many disappointments. Milford turned out a rogue, and Nobleman is unsound. Mrs. Eyre seldom runs a horse now, but Miss Graham owns a winner occasionally, so does Miss P. Pett, who trains in Wheeler's stable at Rottingdean.

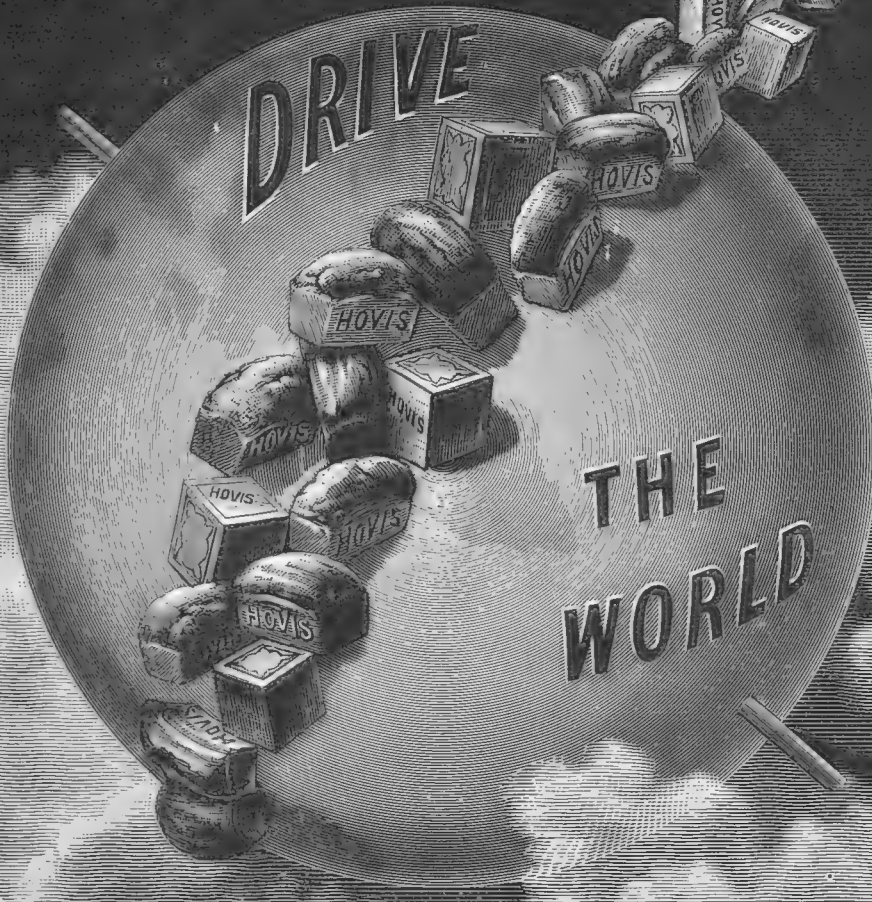


Photo by Truckle and Sons, Wimbledon.
MRS. LANGTRY'S HORSE, MILFORD.

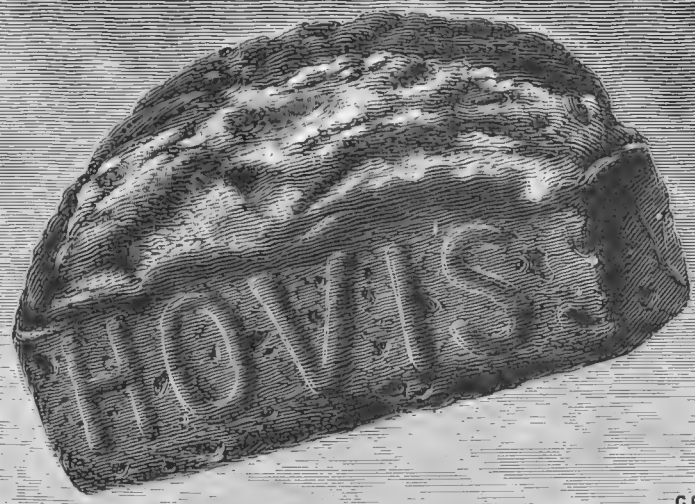
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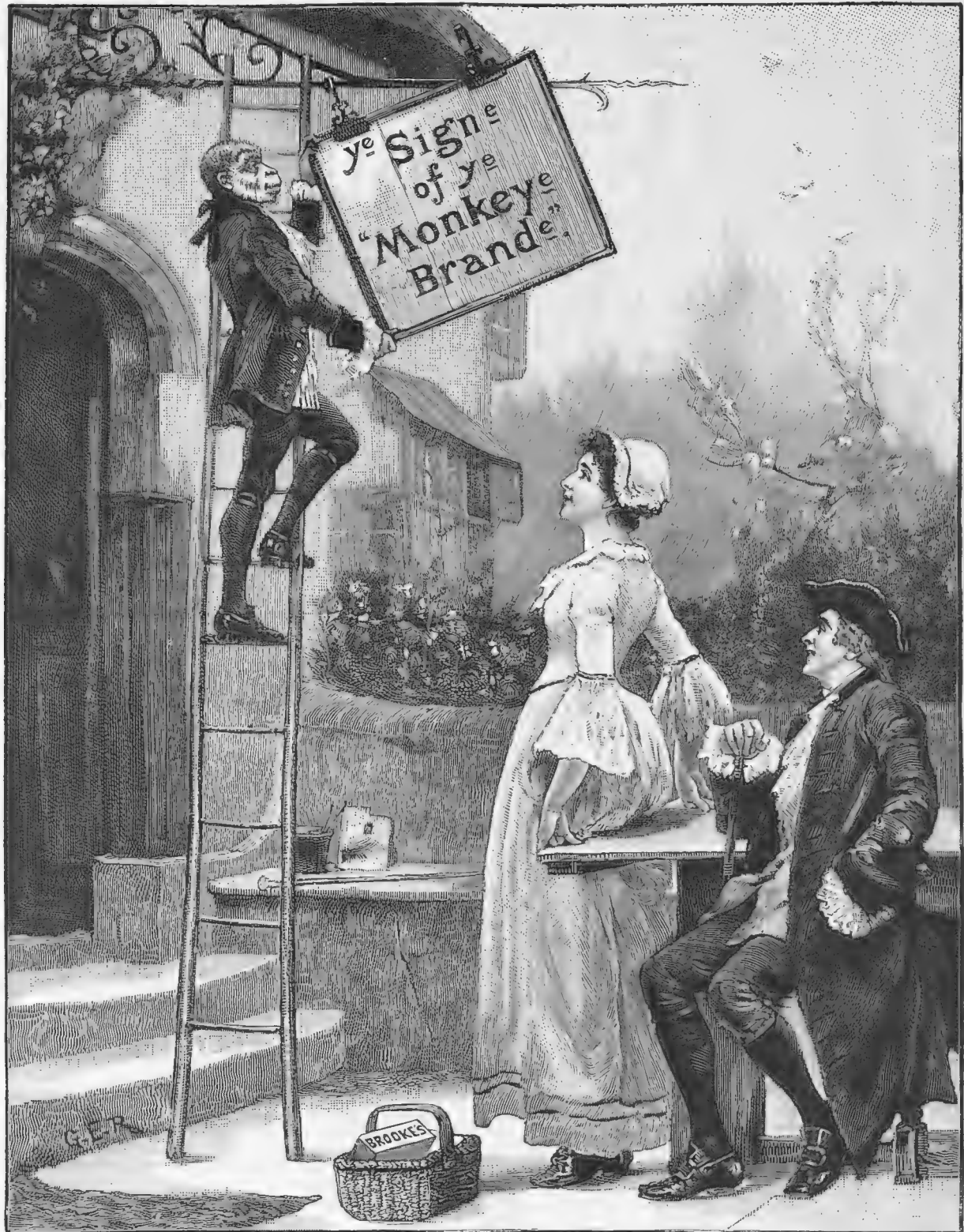
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PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

The session is virtually over. The Evicted Tenants Bill has been killed, the Eight-Hours Bill for Miners is dead, the Indian Budget is through, and nothing practically remains but a little weary plodding through Supply. Even this will not last long. Supply is usually employed in Parliament as a means to an end. The affected interest in the Estimates is mostly subordinate to a very serious concern in the fortunes of the Government. The House cannot be got to take a real part in the discussion of expenditure. There are the cranks, the bores, the specialists, the economists who do, but even these are not a large section. Everybody is racing off to Homburg, the moors, Switzerland, and the Italian lakes, and Westminster is a desert, inhabited by a few wandering and perturbed, but thoroughly unsubstantial, ghosts of legislators. In the last big division—that on Eight Hours—not two hundred members voted, and the pairing still goes on at racing speed.

A DRAMATIC FINISH.

But the session, in spite of its dull opening, has ended dramatically enough. Curiously, too, though its main substance has been English, the eternal Irish Question has vindicated itself with its old triumphant persistence. The most exciting interest of the whole year was, beyond doubt, the rejection of the Evicted Tenants Bill on the second reading. While a thin House of Commons was languidly pursuing the arguments for and against local option on one side of the Central Hall, on the other the House of Lords, instead of consisting of half-a-dozen sleepy peers and as many somnolent attendants, was crowded with a great assembly, on whom ladies in bright dresses were looking down from the side galleries, while legislators squeezed each other in the space behind the Bar, and the Pressmen looked down in serried rows on the brilliant and always picturesque scene that the crowded floor presented. The intellectual settings were just as piquant as the material. There is one good thing, and only one, to be said about the peers. You do get a good debate. Of course, only a fraction of the House takes part in it. But there are half-a-dozen big men, and they rise to a big occasion. There was the old Duke of Argyll shaking his finger and his white locks at Lord Rosebery, and pouring out sentence after sentence of passionate vituperation and fervent argument. There was the Duke of Devonshire, quite changed from the stolid, effective figure that the Marquis of Hartington used to be, and delivering a speech which for concentrated power of argument and for vigour of declamation I have not heard surpassed. There was Lord Salisbury, his hand on his breast, rolling out those easy sentences with the ironic sting in the tail of nearly every one of them of which he is a master. There was Lord Rosebery—I confess, to my mind, rather outmatched by the genius to the right and in front of him—hitting back at the Duke of Argyll, standing as the leader of a forlorn hope, the chieftain of a miserable rump of a score or so of office-holders, and doing his best in a House in which, by the nature of things, he has no real power. Above all, perhaps I should say, there was the figure of Lord Clanricarde, a meagre, pinched, unpleasant-looking gentleman, reciting, with uninviting levity, the story of the troubles on his estates. The Government were, of course, crushed by the weight of argument and personal force which was directed against them. But that is the nature of the situation. The House of Lords, after all, represent nobody and nothing but themselves. They are great in their own way. They stand, as Lord Salisbury very truly said, not simply for land, but for every description of property. Property, irreconcilable, uncompromising property, finds there now its despairing, now its triumphant advocates. On Tuesday night it was in triumph. The great Juggernaut rolled heavily over the mangled fragments of the Bill, and the Lords literally danced on it. It was a display you could see nowhere but in England.

THE OLD WARRIOR.

Certainly, the most interesting figure in the debate was that of the Duke of Argyll. It is curious how this contemporary of Mr. Gladstone retains his old force and fire. Since he has grown white and has commenced to age perceptibly he presents a curious physical resemblance to John Bright. Nor are the two men unlike from an intellectual point of view. There is the same boundless self-confidence, the same obstinacy, the same intensity of conviction. The men had strikingly different ideas, but their natures unquestionably ran in the same mould. The speech as a whole was completely irrelevant, and it abounded in discursive flights full of an egotistic *naïveté* which concerned the Duke's development from a Whig to a Tory much more than the Evicted Tenants Bill. But there was immense spirit and life in the whole performance. Some of the best passages were those in which the Duke, perhaps remembering some old passages of arms with Lord Rosebery, turned on him and rent him with a vigour, I had almost said a ferocity, that startled everybody but the phlegmatic Premier, who sat, his arms thrown across the back of his head, looking the Duke steadily in the face. There was a spice of malicious truth in some of the taunts which, no doubt, gave them fresh point. His reference to the Prime Minister as the man who had the place and the patronage in the Government, but not the power, was too incisive to be missed by his audience. Lord Rosebery's retort was much more graceful and much more kindly, but it lacked the power of the original assault. The final division was virtually a repetition of that on the Home Rule Bill. The whole House seemed to move as by one impulse in one direction, leaving a miserable little stranded band to dribble away in the other. The entire business was a reckless, pitiless performance, which, for all its picturesque effect, had not an ounce of statesmanship to recommend it.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

A very striking feature of recent life in the House of Commons, and one which has not met the public eye, is the growing unpopularity of Mr. John Burns. Objection is taken by Liberals themselves to the officious way in which this pushing ex-engineer puts himself forward as a sort of unofficial Whip whenever any Labour question is concerned; as if members were not already sufficiently interested in the struggles of Labour to vote and speak as they thought best. Mr. Burns hitherto has been popular in a way, because he has been looked on as a "sport" (in biological parlance), and an interesting case of the "democrat" in Parliament. But among the other things that this bored Parliament has got thoroughly wearied of the "democrat" and "democracy" itself, are among the most prominent. The accession of a Peer Premier may have something to do with this, too, as well as Mr. Burns's own personality, which in itself is too much *en évidence* to be permanently popular among men who think they have a better title than he to catch the applause and, at least, the attention of the multitude. But the thing itself, whatever its cause, is the fact. Perhaps there is some jealousy, too, in consequence of the report that Mr. Burns was offered Ministerial office at Lord Rosebery's accession. The acute trade-unionist knew that his position would not allow him to accept the offer, which would at once make him suspected by all his old friends. But the offer itself was enough to make him suspected by—not his old friends—but his fellow unofficial members, who, after long and weary years of financial support to their party, not unnaturally fail to see why a Trafalgar Square spouter should be coolly and deliberately put over their heads, because the official leaders are afraid of their own supporters.

THE LIBERAL CAPITALISTS.

And not only are the ordinary Liberals getting "nasty" about John Burns, but the advanced and impecunious Radicals are also getting "nasty" about the rich Liberal—or Whig—coal-owners and capitalists, who have just given them such a back-hander in causing the withdrawal of the compulsory Eight-Hours Bill. Sooner or later, there was bound to be a split; but Sir Joseph Pease and Sir James Joicey have precipitated the matter. The carrying of the local option amendment, even though by only five votes, was a severe blow to Mr. Woods, Mr. Roby, and the rest of them. They had expected to win, and there is a good deal of unpleasantness even now about the Nationalists, who did not rally to the Trade Unionist cry. But the Eight-Hours men know very well that their defeat is really due to the divisions in their own ranks, to the opposition of Mr. Fenwick and Mr. Burt, and of employers like Sir J. Joicey and Sir J. Pease; and their hostility towards the latter is the greater in consequence, because they have so much less hold over them than over Mr. Fenwick and Mr. Burt. It is still quite on the cards that this year Mr. Fenwick will be beaten for the 'Trade Unions' Parliamentary Secretaryship, and Mr. Burt may yet go the way of Mr. Broadhurst. But Sir J. Joicey and Sir J. Pease hold impregnable seats in Durham, and, moreover, the Whips cannot afford to let one section of the party, however much to be courted, alienate such powerful financial supporters. What is the result? Why, that the party managers are already looking ahead to the time when they won't be able to get the great manufacturers to stand by them, in the face of the pressure put upon them by the working-men's representatives, who are supposed to be on their side. Sir William Harcourt is pledged to put Payment of Members on his programme, and it would never be put there by a man like Sir William Harcourt unless he very clearly saw that there would be a dearth of Liberal candidates who could "stand the racket" of Parliament without their getting a subsidy from the Exchequer.

INDIA.

The fag-end of this session is always solemnised by a few unnecessary and abortive debates on India. This year the "solemnities" have been characterised by a more hopeful tone from Mr. Fowler on the subject of Indian finance, a really good speech from him in defence of British rule, and a thoroughly satisfactory squashing of the egregious Mr. Padgett—I mean Mr. Paul, M.P. (until the next election) for South Edinburgh, and also for the *Daily News*, whose columns he illuminates with more wit than knowledge. Mr. Paul will probably be one of the evicted tenants at the General Election, as Mr. Lewis M'Iver is pretty sure to beat him this time, so it is satisfactory to find him thoroughly well sat on by Mr. Fowler on the last occasion for the present on which he is likely to contribute his ignorance to the discussion of Indian affairs. Mr. Paul once again pressed the Government to say why they would not have the competitive examinations for the Indian Civil Service out in India, so that more "nations" might get in, without the expense of coming to England. "Because, Sir," said Mr. Fowler, practically, in reply, "the House of Commons made an ass of itself when it accepted, purely by mistake, that resolution of yours in favour of doing so. Even the Radical Cabinet has not yet come round to thinking that India should not be governed by Europeans; and if examinations in India would give the native a better chance of getting in, that is the very reason why they should not be allowed. The best tests for those who are to govern India are not so many marks for so many questions answered in so many papers, but British birth, and British up-bringing, and British character." It was a very definite way of replying to the supposed grievance. And so Mr. Paul was left lamenting, which is a great feather in Mr. Fowler's cap.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

Anticipation is always delightful, so much so that it is small wonder that in most cases the realisation falls far short of the generally impossible ideal which we have conjured up, and which is destined to be more or less rudely dispelled. But for once you need not be disappointed: you can go away for your holidays with the pleasing knowledge that when you return you will be able to utilise some of your renewed energy in the pursuit and final capture of some of the new autumn dress materials, and



you may anticipate their beauties as much as you choose, for I can assure you that they will more than exceed your expectations. I had a preliminary peep at some of them the other day, and I succumbed to their charms immediately. I found that, as I predicted a few weeks ago—how delightful it always is to say, “I told you so!”—the soft, warm tints of brown, blue, and violet predominate; black, also, being much to the fore, and plain colours more frequent than the shot effects, to which we have so long been faithful. One of the most particularly striking materials is a new “bark” crêpon, with a very wide stripe of soft crinkled silk, bordered at each side with tiny points of cut jet, while it is also made without the jet edging, a curious deep shade of fawn with a black stripe being wonderfully smart. Terry velvets are to be much worn, some being patterned with a tiny square check, which would not suit everyone, but which would be perfection for the fortunate few who could carry it off, and surely the spirits of our great-grandmothers and the hearts of our grandmothers should rejoice greatly when they know that the fine repps which they used to favour so much in their own girlish days are to renew their lease of life and have a place of honour among Dame Fashion’s favourites. Certainly, they are most effective fabrics, and as to durability, it is almost impossible to wear them out. Zibelines, with their exquisite satiny surface, look lovely with a horizontal line of silk and a bouclé edging to the stripe, and there is a new serge arranged with a wavy line intermixed with black, for which I foresee a brilliant future, to say nothing of a fine diagonal covered with wavy lines of black mohair. A new spot, which patterns some charming crêpons, is remarkably like a blackberry in appearance, the effect being quaint and decidedly original; and if you want to clothe yourself in shimmering robes of serpent-like green, with a curious sinuous curve in its undulating lines, which somehow suggested Sarah Bernhardt to me irresistibly, the material is ready to your hand, or will be later in the season, when all these Parisian novelties have been secured for our adornment.

There is one point, however, in all these fascinating fabrics which failed to meet with my approval: they are one and all hopelessly and uncompromisingly extravagant, so you had better begin to save up in advance, if you intend to indulge in any of them. Then there is another grievance which I have against Dame Fashion. She seems to have made up her mind that, to punish us, maybe, for our very lukewarm reception of the drooping sleeve, it shall be forced upon us this season whether we will or no. And no woman, I maintain, can possibly look as smart with a sleeve—be it ever so full—which droops downwards as with one of those to whose becoming and

up-standing fulness we have been attached so long. However, we shall use up an even greater quantity of material in our sleeves than ever, for their width and fulness will be still further added to, and, as a consequence, the wearing of the cape will be almost universal during the autumn season, for, even if you managed to struggle into a jacket with sleeves capacious enough to contain those great inner ones, the preponderance of sleeve in the general effect would not be altogether desirable. It seems, too, that a radical change is being made in the cape, from which an effort is being made to banish the shoulder-cape, and so more easily attain to the sloping, drooping effect which is inevitable.

Take, for instance, one which I saw at Peter Robinson’s, in Oxford Street, the other day, and which I have had sketched for you, and this I must allow, certainly makes you inclined to think that the change is a desirable one, as far as capes are concerned. It is made of black velvet, and is perfectly plain and tight-fitting on the shoulders, whence it falls in full, graceful folds. There is a turned-down collar, pointed at the back and in the front, and edged with mink, which also outlines the whole cape, and for further trimming it has narrow lines of jet and plaited silk braid arranged in a double row round the bottom, and in single lines passing up the cape at intervals. And then—in accordance with the now general rule that the inside of the platter should bear comparison with the outside, and come with flying colours out of the ordeal—the lining, of black satin, is brocaded with a design of sprays of lilies-of-the-valley in pale mauve, tied together with true-lovers’ knots. It may seem somewhat premature to turn your attention to a garment of this kind during the early part of August, but the time for the wearing of it will be upon us sooner than we realise, and I do not think you are likely to complain at having, as it were, a private view of the new styles. Then, as there are always some people who will be faithful to coats, and as during the colder weather the wind has an unpleasant knack of getting underneath a

cape, and making its presence uncomfortably evident, what do any young matrons among you think of the black velvet coat which forms the subject of our second illustration? It seems to me to meet all possible requirements, for it is smart, handsome, and withal comfortable, while it has the enormous advantage of being new, for it is Mr. Peter Robinson’s own exclusive design. The little Eton-coat fronts and the perfectly-fitting back are entirely covered with closely-clustering lines of jet sequins, and the soft ruffled collar of black chiffon, which forms a becoming setting for the face, nestles within an outer collar of the velvet, encrusted with jet on the outside and lined with cream guipure. The full sleeves have gauntlet cuffs, which, with the revers and the full basques, which are continued into long points in front, are edged with narrow jet passementerie. For the rest I leave the sketch to speak for itself, and if this new coat does not prove irresistible to a goodly number of you I shall

feel that it is because I have not done it justice. You would infallibly succumb to its charms if you saw it, so you had better take prompt measures to do so.

Now, I wonder if you can guess what forms the trimming of the evening cloak, which, by-the-way, is composed of a tender, beautiful shade of sage-green, lined throughout with shot silk in tones of pinkish mauve, the shoulder-cape being bordered with a ruffle of crêpe de Chine? I expect not; so I will satisfy your curiosity by informing you that the cleverly-arranged appliqué, which borders the cloak and cape and forms



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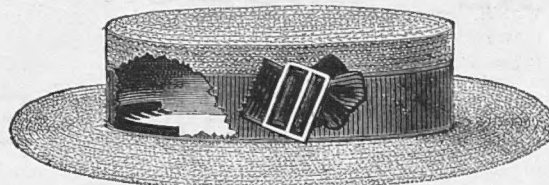
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THE "ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED" FOR SEPTEMBER

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Office of the "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," 198, STRAND, W.C.

an effective scroll design at each side, is composed of selected portions of a valuable Indian shawl, the rich, deep tones of colour showing off to the very best advantage against the tender green of the cloth background. This idea is such a good and clever one that women should, in my opinion, rise up and call Mr. Peter Robinson blessed for originating it. Just imagine the joy which will fill the hearts of the possessors of those erstwhile "white elephants"—Indian shawls—when they find that



a comparatively small portion of one will serve to transform an ordinary cloak into a handsome, unique, and altogether charming garment, which cannot fail to fill feminine onlookers with envy! And not only does he supply cloaks trimmed in this way, but he tells me that he is quite willing to trim a cloak with the wearer's own shawl if so desired.

After Indian shawls, travelling cloaks and macintoshes are distinctly prosaic; but, as they are also distinctly necessary, I may tell you that for the modest sum of two guineas Mr. Peter Robinson will let you have a really smart Scotch tweed ulster with a detachable cape, while golf capes in the prettiest and newest tweeds, with tartan reversible linings, can be had at any price from sixteen shillings to three guineas. For three guineas there was a cape in pale tan box-cloth, finished with three stitched bands of cloth round the bottom, and lined throughout with plaid silk, which appeared to me to be a wonderful garment for the money; so, what with one thing and another, Mr. Peter Robinson's Oxford Street premises are particularly attractive just now, and, as everybody's taste and purse seem to have been catered for, I recommend all of you to go and verify this statement for yourselves.

And now a word in your ear. Do you belong to that great army of martyrs who wage unceasing war against—corns, those agonising and temper-trying inflictions against which the patience and endurance of Job himself would have vanished? Well, to all such I have tidings of good cheer, for I can tell them of some weapons before which the foe will disappear as if by magic, their name being "Hearder's Opiate Corn and Bunion Plasters." I, for my part, cannot say too much for them, for, as I can testify myself, they ease the pain instantly, and do away with those awful throbbings which herald any change of weather, while in a very short time the corn absolutely disappears. I always find that sufferers are only too eager to try any and every remedy, so I am sure that you will try these plasters, especially, too, as the trial will not be an expensive one, the price per box being only 1s. 1½d. or 2s. 9d. You can get them from any chemist or direct from the proprietors, Messrs. Tomlin and Co., dispensing chemists, Torquay, for fourteen or thirty-five stamps; so, one and all, obtain the necessary weapons and join in the crusade against corns. You will infallibly come out victorious.

FLORENCE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Frederick Boyle's "Camp Notes," published five-and-twenty years ago, have been followed at intervals by bundles of stories of a kind he has a peculiar faculty for telling, "On the Borderland," "Legends of My Bungalow," and others. Now he bids farewell in a book which, he says, contains his last stories of savage life, "From the Frontier" (Chapman and Hall). Perhaps, the intimation, like a northern preacher's "lastly," is not to be taken literally. Let us hope so.

Had Mr. Boyle had the ambitions of a novelist, he might have given us a series that would have rivalled Fenimore Cooper's. With all his strange experiences and his powers of story-telling, he has, possibly, wasted his opportunities. Certainly, the curious tales he has to tell would have been more popular pruned, and trimmed, and dressed, and touched up, and spun out, as they would have been by an ordinary writer of fiction. But they would have lost a peculiar flavour, not to every reader's taste, inasmuch as it is composed of strict veracity—not veracity with regard to actual facts, necessarily, but faithfulness to the rumour of the legends they report. They have all the incompleteness, the unexplained corners, the want of conventional endings, that mark the story taken straight from real life, disadvantages when the story is not good. But these stories are good—weird, horrible, improbable, but with no sensational limelight effects about them.

There are two Ouidas. One lends herself easily to and even invites caricature, because of an extravagance of language, a falsity in the reading of character and life, a vulgarity of sentiment, and a total want of humour. The other is possessed of genuine imagination, genuine fervour, genuine love, and understanding of natural beauty. The foolish Ouida is ambitious, would be complicated, varied, and takes long flights. The other knows only one or two natures, one or two pages of life, and cannot sustain herself for more than the length of a short and simply constructed story. But what this second one does she does with knowledge, sincerity, and art.

"The Silver Christ" (Unwin) is in her good style. It is a repetition of what she has done before, perhaps; it contains the two well-known types—the ignorant, narrow, simple peasant, with the capacity for passion and for reverence, the helplessness before craftier natures, and the deep instincts of revenge, and the cunning, worldly, treacherous peasant, a woman who trades on the power of her beauty over the simple lover, and, after rousing all his deep passion, betrays him light-heartedly.

This old story, however, is strikingly narrated. The crafty Santina, desiring to escape into the great world to win gold by her voice and beauty, which, she has been told, are rare treasures, makes love to the simple Caris to gain from him the instruments of occult knowledge and power buried in his mother's grave. Reverence and superstition fight a terrible fight with his passion for the girl, but the latter wins, and in the dark night he digs in terror and awful hope in the churchyard, to find, not the witch's tools, but a silver image of Christ, part of some long-buried treasure. He bears it to Santina, as evidence, at least, of his attempt. She bids him wash away the traces of his night's work, and when she has placed the Gesù in the church she will come to him. He waits in patience all day for her coming, but she has fled, sold the image, and disappeared for ever. Such love as his does not know forgiveness, and his reverence nurses his revenge. After his return from the galleys, where they sent him for sacrilege, he still fondles the knife under his waistband, and says, "One day I will find her, and I will strike her: once for myself and twice for Him."

In reading Mr. Crockett's striking story, "Mad Sir Uchtred" (Unwin's Autonym Library), one doubt is present to our minds all through. Is his choice of an archaic style a happy one? The spirit of old days can breathe through modern words without hindrance, while the occurrence of modern words in a style based on the speech of long ago—an occurrence almost inevitable—has a really disturbing effect. Mr. Crockett's literary abilities are so clear that there can be no doubt at all he would succeed admirably without any such aid to picturesque as the adoption of an old manner of speech, and his admirers must look forward to see him handling the language of his own day, which is the real instrument of every true artist.

"Mad Sir Uchtred" is a wild, picturesque tale of the troubled times in Scotland. The hero, a persecutor, is stricken with the curse of Nebuchadnezzar, and wanders like a beast over the hills within sight of his own home, where his faithful wife lives with his children, and knows many difficulties till the curse is taken away from her husband by the same holy instrument—Alexander Renfield, the saintly minister of Kirkechrist—by whom it had been pronounced. The best scene in the book is that where the mad Sir Uchtred meets his treacherous brother Randolph on the hills. The traitor has come to hunt him with hounds to gain his evil ends, but lies wounded and maimed and at the madman's mercy. The church bells in the valley below wake a memory and a vision of younger days, and the wild beast dies out of the maniac's heart, and he becomes his brother's tender nurse. Perhaps Mr. Crockett has pitched his story in too high a key throughout; but he has certainly hit on a fine epoch in Scottish history to illustrate by his fiction.

O. O.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Aug. 18, 1894.

The feature of the week we have just passed through has been the revival of silver and silver securities, brought about by the war in the East and the practical certainty of both China and Japan being very soon large borrowers upon the European markets. For months—we had almost said for years—there has been about the market for the white metal a despairing tone, which has cast a gloom over all branches of industry; but, as if by magic, we have changed all this, and for a time, at least, everybody thinks silver securities are worth picking up for a rise. The Tariff Bill in the United States has at last been passed—in an emasculated form, it is true—but still in some shape, and, as we have led you to expect, its passage was followed by a sharp rise all along the line. The boom of Monday and Tuesday has not been quite maintained, and, in our opinion, it is as well that we should go quietly; but the whole tone of Yankee Rails is altered, and there is a general expectation—and people hope—that something like finality in the Customs charges may be followed by a general revival in trade both on this side of the water and in America. It was not so much the prohibitive nature of the McKinley Tariff which paralysed everything as the uncertainty about what was to be the revised scale of charges, so that it is reasonable to hope, now that importers and dealers know what to expect, there may be a substantial improvement all round.

The supply of money for short loans and discounts is enormously in excess of the demand, and the heavy drain which the railway dividends are making upon the market have, so far, produced hardly any effect. The highest class of investment stocks are at prohibitive prices, but yet the public keep pushing them up by steady buying, and the movement is surely but slowly forcing people to purchase the better class of second-rate securities, such as the preference shares of sound industrial concerns and the preferred stock of many of the trust companies, which, in the general discredit which fell upon this class of company—owing to the financial methods of Mr. Leopold Salomons and other financiers of the same type—were very unduly depreciated.

While most of the markets show a decided rise, Home Rails have, as a whole, hardly responded to the general upward movement, and have remained lifeless even on the days in which something like a boom occurred in Yankee and Foreign stocks.

Before the real position of American Railways can be determined, we must give the Tariff legislation a little time to settle down, but, as you know, we have always anticipated that trade, and consequently railway receipts, would expand as soon as the vexed question of the Customs duties was settled.

Among Foreign Stocks, Mexican and Uruguay have had smart rises, and the block of the latter stock, which we almost made you buy at 36, is showing the profit which we told you it would. All along the line the securities of the silver-using countries have improved in price, and you may expect a Japanese loan of 50,000,000 dollars to be offered shortly, as well as a Chinese one of about a million and a-half sterling. We anticipate both will be quickly taken up.

You ask us what we think of the Gordon Hotels report, and we have no hesitation in saying it is a most satisfactory document. As you know, we have consistently recommended this company, and, indeed, it would probably be no exaggeration to say that your large holding is almost entirely due to our advice. The Gordon Hotels, Limited, is one of those well-managed home industrial enterprises which are an honour to English finance: the earnings for a trading concern are of the most uniform character; the Board contains no show names, and every member of it has a very large stake in the concern; while year after year the reserve fund grows and the value of the shares and debentures increases. With a share capital of £1,681,000, the net profit of £146,400 and the expenditure out of income of £31,886 on repairs and improvements is a record to be proud of, reflecting the greatest credit, not only on Mr. Frederick Gordon, but on every director and servant of the company, and the market quotation of the stocks is but an honest reflection of the true value. We do not say any fortune is to be made out of buying the shares, but for a quiet investment, yielding a reasonable rate of interest, we consider they stand (even at the present prices) as well as any industrial concern which we have ever recommended.

At last the long-promised report of the Investigation Committee of the Trustees Corporation has been published, and a most remarkable document it is. The financial methods of American railway "bosses" have long been a byword among investors, but no revelation of recent times in the States is to be compared to the extraordinary story of reckless finance which is now exposed. The report bears on the face of it evidences of compromise, which, from the nature of the Committee, containing the representatives of the late Board, might have been expected. Time after time an array of facts is stated from which the obvious inference is not drawn, and when the tale of rigging markets for the avowed purpose of inducing the public to apply for new issues is unfolded not one word of condemnation is used. The shareholders will, no doubt, form their own opinions upon the facts disclosed to them, but, if the inquiry has served no other purpose, it has effectually, and we trust for ever, blasted the financial reputation of the old Board. The sum and substance of the document is that Mr. Leopold Salomons and his colleagues are liable to refund sums

amounting in the aggregate to over £300,000, and on one transaction alone are responsible for £188,000, unless Mr. Buckley, Q.C.—admittedly the greatest expert on company law—is wrong in the opinion he has given. It is a pity, dear Sir, that the creditors object to the use of the corporate money for enforcing restitution; but as any shareholder, however small and however impecunious, can sue, and it is proposed to raise a fund for the purpose of testing the points of law, we expect that in the end the offenders will be brought to book.

The story of the concoction of the balance-sheet for 1890, detailed on pages 4, 5, 6, and 7 of the Committee's report, and especially with regard to the dealings between the Corporation and the South American Company, is worthy of careful study, and the plan of treating premiums received in respect of guarantees as devisable income before the risk had run off is so opposed to common-sense that one wonders whether the directors who sanctioned it were hopelessly incapable of something worse. Imagine, dear Sir, a fire insurance company dividing the premiums received before the terms for which the various houses were insured had run out! Yet this is what the directors of the Trustees Corporation were in the habit of doing with regard to financial guarantees, and, we believe, had the audacity to defend when examined before the Committee.

You will, of course, send your proxy to Mr. Walker, whether you are able or not to attend the meeting on the 28th.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE RAPID COALING BARGE COMPANY, LIMITED.—This concern is offering for public subscription 34,000 ordinary shares of £5 each, and, we suppose, will be very glad if it succeeds in getting 3400 of them applied for. Everybody knows that the present plan of coaling steamers is expensive, and that great fraud goes on as to the quantity put on board; but if this company had a satisfactory remedy to offer we are quite sure the prospectus would contain very different information to that supplied. We are pleased to hear that trials have been made in the presence of experts, but we should like to know what reports these gentlemen have made, and whether the directors of the P. & O. Company have been or are likely to be applicants for shares. There is nothing in this prospectus which would justify the payment of £67,000 for the patents, as far as we can see; and remembering the Hopcraft Furnace and other like ventures, we advise investors to give this concern a wide berth.

"RILL TIP," LIMITED.—This is a trumpety affair, which is trying to place 5000 6 per cent. £1 preference shares and a like number of ordinary shares. Perhaps, despite the depression in the North of Ireland, the concern may be subscribed there, but we trust no one on this side of St. George's Channel will be foolish enough to find any of the money. There are half-a-dozen retail tea-shops, five of them in Belfast, where, it is said, without counting sugar sales (which may have produced a loss), and disregarding advertising and management, a profit of just over £3000 a-year has been made. In such haste is the vendor to sell his business that three of the shops have not yet been open twelve months. Our advice is to let the customers and friends of the vendor subscribe for the shares and to consign the prospectus to the waste-paper basket.

CASSIDY HILL GOLD MINES, LIMITED.—This is a very bad case of the "proof prospectus" dodge. One J. V. Cornet, who describes himself as secretary of the Coolgardie Development Syndicate, is touting for subscribers to the Cassidy Hill concern, which, he says, is to be brought out shortly. So hard up for money are the syndicate that they offer, for every £100 subscribed, an allotment of 150 shares in the Cassidy Hill Company, and a bonus of £150 in cash *when the concern is floated*. We warn our readers against this "flat" trap, and will do our best to prevent the success of the issue, whenever it is made.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. E. R.—All correspondence for Messrs. Lamb, Shearer, and Co. must be addressed to 198, Strand. We agree with every word you say about the Coolgardie Development Syndicate and the Cassidy Hill Gold Mines. Week after week we have warned readers against this Western Australian gold boom; but the prospectus you send us is worse than anything we have yet seen.

T. D. P.—A buyer can request his broker to forward the new certificate to his bankers. The receipt given for the transfer is of no value when the new certificate is issued. The proper course is for the broker to hand the banker a certified transfer against the cash, or, better still, against a transfer signed by the seller, and the old certificate. The banker can then either lodge the same at the company's office, or send it to you for the purpose of your getting the transfer registered.

SAMUEL.—You will have obtained the Trustees Corporation Investigation Committee's report before you see this reply, so that your question will be answered. Send your proxy to Mr. Walker. The report has been kept back by the necessity for getting the scheme of arrangement with creditors carried through before its issue.

COLONIAL.—We consider Bank of New Zealand shares a good purchase, for the concern may now be looked upon as a Government institution. Let Western Australian gold mines alone.

J. A. B.—Hold your American Rails for the present. Industrial Trust debentures are safe enough and a good investment. We know of no dealings in the shares of the reconstructed banks, but probably there will be a chance of selling as time goes on. Oamaru Waterworks loan is a reasonable investment, and will pay you 5 per cent., but the bonds have had a big rise since we recommended them over a year ago at 80.